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Occupations—Today and Tomorrow

By Berta Crone

"WHAT IS YOUR COMMUNITY DOING to keep up the spirits of its members during this period of turmoil?" This question was recently raised by one of a group of men in their thirties engaged in a discussion of topics of current interest. Most of them seemed to be impressed with the need of mental relaxation. The young man who posed the question we have quoted went on to comment upon the alarming increase in suicides, insanity and crime, all of which he characterized as "the behavior of despair." "The State," he went on to say, "ultimately bears the expense of caring for the criminal and the insane. Why, then, isn't more attention and support given to social institutions which help to avert despair? Why don't we do more to encourage the play-instinct, to foster the imaginative faculties of men?"

These are questions over which many of us have pondered. The young man who asked these questions is only one of many who are facing a personal crisis. His situation is typical, not exceptional. Thwarted in his occupational pursuits and personal ambitions, he must find sources of satisfaction elsewhere; he must not get into the habit of brooding, worrying; he must not permit himself to become panicky. The more idle time he has to contemplate the dangers of his present situation the more likely he is to despair and to infect his fellows with the same mental attitude. His ego must find other means for expression. His earnings are no longer adequate to meet his standards of decent living.

Reared in a comfortable middle class environment, old enough to have fought in the war, young enough to appreciate the possibilities in modern living, he cannot afford to gratify any of his tastes. Having plenty of leisure, he is at loss many times to know how and where to use it. He cannot afford to indulge his taste for books and pictures, to go to concerts or to the theater, to play golf, to take excursions into the country, or to travel. Living in a city, his life is circumscribed by his office, a very modest apartment and the city pavements. Uncertainty of his means of livelihood keeps his mind in a constant turmoil. Once an omnivorous reader, he now finds himself so restless that he is unable to read with pleasure and profit. He enjoys conversations. But he finds that his friends, like himself, are disturbed by personal economic problems and that conversation sooner or later drifts to subjects which vex the mind and leave the nerves tense. He wants relaxation, impact with something pleasing which at the same time will stir the imagination.

Where to find this relaxation and escape from the perplexing problems of modern existence is a serious problem to many city dwellers. Unless such an escape is found disaster follows. It is becoming obvious to all that it is dangerous to wait for the government to take matters in hand when the individual has reached the "down and out" stage. It is then often too late. "Man cannot live by bread alone" is an old and trite saying, but none the less true. Whether the NRA succeeds or fails, the individual American must heed the need for relaxing; he must find ways and means of reviving his weary mind and jaded spirits. And, of course, these means must be available at a low cost, or the one who stands in greatest need of them will not be able to take advantage of them. Consequently the church, the library and the museum at once come to our mind. Regardless of his pecuniary condition, anyone may enter any of these institutions and receive service. The church succors those who have faith and can find solace in religion. The library serves the literate—men, women and children who find pleasure and profit in reading. The museum, especially the modern type of museum, provides diversion and instruction to all, the tutored and the untutored, the rich and the poor, the religious and the agnostic. Museums now are not merely exhibitions of dead and lifeless objects; a modern museum is alive, vital, moving, and therefore inspiring. The appeal of museums is to the eye and can be enjoyed by all.

Who cannot enjoy and profit by visits to museums of art? Some modern museums of art have special departments the functions of which are to see to it that schools, casual visitors

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to their galleries, students, manufacturers, retailers and others in the community may enjoy full use of the collections for diversion or practical use. Lending departments make it possible for schools and individuals to borrow prints and objects from the museum for further study. Motion pictures are made of certain collections for educational use. Recently a motion picture was completed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York showing the technique of the modern portrait painter. In the picture the artist shows all the many steps in the process of painting a picture.

Musical entertainment has been given as part of two museums' programs; for years the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been giving such programs, and within the last year The American Museum of Natural History has included concerts.

Natural history museums teach the story of man's natural evolution, his ascent from the modest *amoeba* to proud *homo sapiens*. Historical museums teach the steps by which he developed socially from his nomadic habits to his present gregarious vices and institutions.

The museum idea is now applied to science and industry. These new museums have collections and activities as fascinating to the average man or woman as a piece of excavation or construction work under way in his city block. The story of transportation in all its exciting stages is told—highway, marine, railroad and aviation—by copies from the earliest to the latest models. The story of food, clothing and shelter from the beginning of our American civilization to the present is illustrated by lifelike models.

Every type of modern museum is a veritable mine of interest and information, where guides can be secured to assist in one's quest. Members of the staff are ready to help the casual observer, or the student, or the visitor in pursuit of a hobby, to see and understand any of the collections.

A backward glance will show us that the museum idea is not new in the United States. The first museum was established in 1773 in the Province of South Carolina by the Charles-Town Library. In the beginning museums consisted of historical collections and, as a rule, were connected with colleges. About the middle of the 19th century natural history and art museums began to flourish. Dur-

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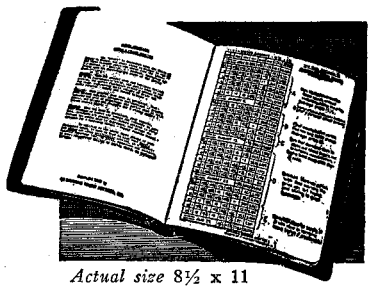

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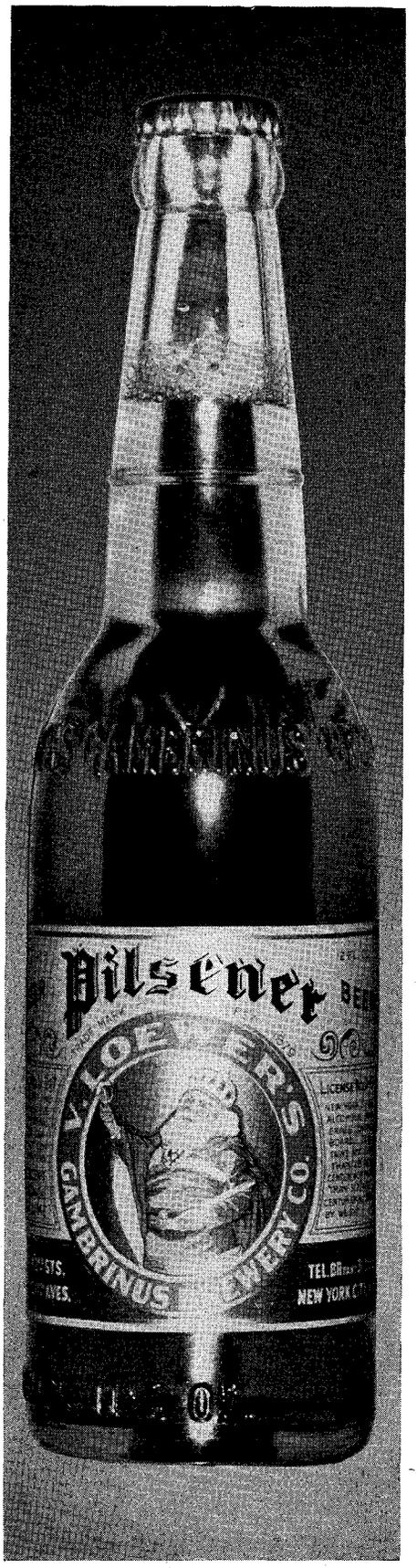
ing this period when many Americans were accumulating wealth, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Art Institute in Chicago, the Carnegie Institute of Fine Arts in Pittsburgh, the Walker Galleries in Minneapolis and the American Museum of Natural History in New York City were founded. Many art museums have started as private galleries founded by wealthy citizens. Some of these museums subsequently adopted a new type of museum organization animated by a desire to serve the public. The organization formed as a rule a corporation, appointed trustees, elected directors and developed a program of activities designed to attract and serve the public. Public museums are financed by appropriations from the city, by gifts and bequests, membership fees and entrance fees.

In his study of *"The Museum and The Community,"* Mr. Paul Marshall Rea, consultant to the Advisory Group on Museum Education of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, states that one third of the people of the United States now have one or more museums in their neighborhood. Their visits aggregate, according to Mr. Rea's figures, about 25,000,000 a year. These figures indicate that a considerable number of Americans are getting the museum habit. Of the 1,400 museums in the United States, the *"Handbook of American Museums,"* published by the American Association of Museums, reports that 781 are public museums, forty-two private museums, and about 6,000 museums of universities, colleges and schools.

Appropriations for many of the public museums have been cut in this past year. Staffs have been reduced accordingly and activities consequently curtailed. The American Museum of Natural History had its appropriation from the City of New York cut. The City of New York reduced its contribution 10 per cent for 1933 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Newark Museum of Art, Science, and Industry, a model of its kind in service to the community, had to reduce its staff and curtail its activities as the result of a cut in its appropriation from the city. Many members and contributors have dropped their memberships and discontinued their contributions.

(*Continued on page* 61)



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Checklist of New Ideas

AN AMERICAN EFFICIENCY

Remember, the energy in one salted peanut suffices to run a first-class mind for a couple of hours at purely mental work.—*Walter B. Pitkin, in "More Power to You."*

ON VISION

Better times are just around the corner.—*Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, N. Y.*

ON RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM

Man has not progressed so far that he understands that the divine purpose is to harmonize the different elements into an orchestra instead of developing a few star soloists.—*Rt. Rev. Irving Johnson, Bishop of Colorado.*

ON IMPERIALISM

In imperialism you lick one man's hand in order to acquire the taste and be able to bite off other people's hands. Sometimes it is done with a kiss, but this is too personal and not scientific. The better way is to blow off the hands with a nice navy.—*Manuel Komroff, in "I, the Tiger."*

ON THE MILITARY

The men of the sword are the wholesome elements in the nation.—*Sadao Araki, Japanese Minister of War.*

ON GOING BLIND

We cannot blind ourselves to the popularity of cocktails in America.—*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

ON CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS

We hope to make the hearing as brief as possible in the interest of economy.—*Representative Emanuel Celler.*

ON GERMAN FATE

When we talk of new lands in Europe we are bound to think first of Russia and her border states. Fate itself seems to wish to give us our direction.—*Adolph Hitler. in "My Battle."*

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ALFRED E. SMITH
Editor-in-Chief

NEW OUTLOOK

FRANCIS WALTON
Managing Editor

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NEW
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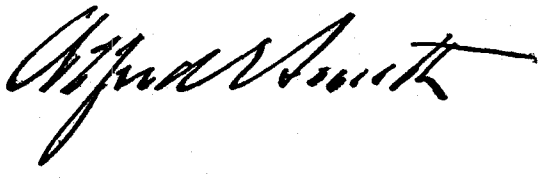
CAN WE MAKE ROOM FOR THE REFUGEES?



A PROPOSAL has been submitted to the League of Nations under which a special commission will have charge of the care of German refugees and their distribution to the more civilized communities which will agree to receive their fair share or quota. These refugees, contrary to public impression, consist not only of German Jews but also of Liberals, Socialists, and generally of the bolder and more uncompromising spirits who do not stand in well with the Hitler government. There is obviously no future in Germany for these elements so long as Hitler's theories of government are supported, as they seem to be at present, by the great majority of the German people. Under these circumstances those who have managed to get out of the country are lucky, even though they are merely camping temporarily in bordering nations, and every facility should be extended to those who remain so that they also may make new homes in fairer and more congenial surroundings. There is talk of appointing an American as commissioner in charge of this work of emigration. I hope that this report is correct, because this privilege should properly go to a representative of this nation, which practically since its discovery has offered a haven of refuge and opportunity to the poor, the oppressed, the ambitious and the liberty loving.

As our country has become older and wealthier, as bigotry and snobbishness have raised their ugly heads among us, we have tended to forget that this country was built up by immigrants who in the vast majority of cases came here to escape poverty, oppression, social restrictions and lack of opportunity at home. The American who does not realize this has neither mental honesty, nor knowledge of our history.

From Germany have come some of our best citizens. Their descendants have mingled with all the other races of the country and have contributed their full share to produce the present day American. From the time of Napoleon, every uprising, every revolution, every oppression, civil or religious, in the countries which make up the modern Germany, has produced a tide of immigration into the United States. Families who came from Ireland after the various famines and uprisings in that country found themselves landing side by side with the refugees from Germany after the revolutions of 1830 and 1848. Hundreds of thousands of Germans came to this country to escape military service and the dictatorships which preceded Hitler.

I am fully aware of the persuasive arguments for cutting down unrestricted immigration into this country. I have always suspected, however, that some of the more drastic provisions of our laws and some of the national quotas which were established, were fixed on the basis of fantastic Aryan theories rather than American principles. The theory that only people of Protestant extraction from the north of Europe can absorb our ideals and understand the spirit of our institutions has suffered a rude shock since the World War. Recent events in Europe have blasted this theory along with

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a lot of others. In spite of these events, however, some of our patriotic societies continue to entertain strange notions of the exclusive uses to which the Almighty intended that this continent, so long hidden from the rest of the world, should be put for the benefit of mankind.

Whatever may be our ideas as to immigration, we have before us now a demand for asylum for a limited number of German refugees which we cannot ignore. Many of these Germans are people of superior education and great ability who, if intelligently distributed over the country, will be an invaluable asset to the communities in which they settle. It is not unlikely that among them will be found men like Carl Schurz, one of our most distinguished statesmen, and Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who was for so many years at the head of the American medical profession, both of whom were driven over here from Germany in 1848. It is to be assumed also that adequate funds will be provided by responsible groups and societies to insure that these people will not become public charges and that they will be given a proper start in life here.

The test of neighborliness is made in time of want and trouble. We must uphold our traditions and vindicate the principles on which this nation was established by making room here for our share of the refugees from Germany. We shall never regret it.

•

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE?

IN THE WAR OF 1812 a patriotic American, named Key, who was a prisoner on a British warship through the long night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, anxiously waited the dawn to see if the American flag was still flying. Today a good many patriotic people, scanning the horizon for the first light of returning prosperity, are trying to figure out whether the flag of the Constitution still waves.

The National Recovery program has raised a number of extraordinary constitutional questions. For example, various states have recently passed laws in aid of the National Industrial Recovery Act. These laws usually provide that all codes, agreements and licenses under the NRA shall be filed with some specified state official, and that thereupon such codes, agreements and licenses shall be the standard of fair competition in the State as to all transactions intrastate in character, and any violation is a misdemeanor punishable in the state courts. If a Federal license is revoked, or suspended, the person holding it can no longer engage in business wholly intrastate in character. Of course, no machinery is set up and no appropriation made to enforce the new law. What becomes of the prohibition against taking property without due process of law?

The acts also usually provide that no contract for construction, repair or purchase of materials can be let to any person or corporation within the state not subject to a Federal code, agreement or license under the NRA. Under this provision no public official can buy a Ford car unless Henry Ford signs up with the NRA, nor can the smallest material dealer sell a pin to any city unless he is a code subscriber.

The constitution of the State of New York has a provision that "the legislature shall not, nor shall the common council of any city, nor any board of supervisors grant any extra compensation to any public officer, servant, agent or contractor." This means that a contractor performing a public improvement for the state, or its political sub-divisions cannot be reimbursed for increased costs as the result of the operations of the NRA. While private business men are being told that they must somehow adjust contracts among themselves to meet prescribed higher wages and shorter hours, the Comptroller General of the United States has ruled that the Federal departments cannot pay any extra compensation to offset higher costs in an existing contract.

Similarly while all employees of private business, except the railroads, must come under NRA code provisions, government employees, national, state and municipal, are exempted from the benefits of shorter hours and higher wages. The watchword of the business man is "spend." The watchword of the government is "retrench."

It is all very puzzling, and the bewildered observer, hoping ultimately for an honest test of these issues in the courts, is further confounded by the editorial suggestion in a newspaper of wide circulation that the President could ask Congress to create a few more Supreme Court judgeships, and fill them with men sympathetic with the aims of the National Recovery Act. That would indeed be a New Deal.

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VETERAN PREFERENCE

IT HAS BEEN my custom for many years to comment before election on important proposed amendments to the constitution of New York State. The annual requests for such comments no doubt originate with people who are familiar with my part in the constitutional convention of 1915, and in subsequent successful efforts to adopt piecemeal the reforms which the people of the state were unwilling to vote as a whole in 1915. Incidentally these popular referendums on constitutional changes are the greatest source of political education I know of. Interest in them in New York State has on the whole been keen and intelligent, although it must be admitted that occasionally an undesirable amendment which the public does not understand, sneaks into the constitution through smart manipulation by a minority of advocates, indifference on the part of opponents and apathy on the part of hundreds of thousands of voters who do not vote at all on obscure issues.

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The people of New York State have before them this Fall one of these tricky, innocent-looking, little amendments which got by two legislatures almost without public comment, and which now goes to the voters in a form which can hardly mean anything to most of them. The principle at stake is not a local one. It is of vital interest to many other states of the Union. It is another long step in the direction of vicious minority control, special privilege, unfair discrimination and future bad government. The amendment in question simply adds four obscure words to the section of the state constitution which established absolute preference in appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State and its subdivisions for disabled veterans who were citizens and residents of the State at the time of their entrance into the war. The proposed amendment extends this preference to those who were not citizens at this time. The effect is to make eligible many who were not eligible before, and thus to enlarge and expand an unjust privilege which should never have been granted in the first instance.

It is a well-known fact that the effect of the original veterans amendment in New York, which has its parallel in many other states, was simply to adopt as a measure of disability the loose standards of the Federal government. Everyone knows now that the United States Veterans' Bureau recognized as disability traceable to war anything from rheumatism contracted from sleeping on a pier, to flat feet, the jitters and social inferiority. When the original amendment was passed, the people of the state generally believed that disability meant incapacity due to wounds received in actual fighting. They never dreamed that years after the war a police lieutenant, an engineer or an inspector would claim as a basis for absolute preference in promotion, putting him at the head of a list, a disability which never previously interfered with the discharge of his duties, and which he never thought of until he saw an opportunity to use it as a short-cut to promotion over more competent associates. Obviously a man who claims this kind of preference is precisely the man who should not have it. It is also grossly unfair to newcomers in the civil service who could not have taken part in the war by draft or enlistment, and to the public which should be served by the best, and not by the worst, applicants for jobs or promotions. How can we expect economical service or reasonable budgets through this procedure?

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In my opinion the organizations which sponsor an amendment of this kind are doing no kindness, and adding no laurels to the great mass of self-respecting veterans who are not seeking unfair advantage at the expense of the rest of the country. President Roosevelt's warning on this subject to the American Legion in its recent convention was a courageous and statesmanlike announcement echoing the point of view of millions of men and women, who have every desire to be fair to the veteran, but who have no intention of permitting a repetition of the sordid pension and preference scandals which followed the Civil War. The President might have added that the last Congress, which cut out many unwarranted veterans benefits, also added others which the public is just beginning to hear about—for example, the provisions that veterans with dependents must have absolute preference in all jobs financed by the $3,300,000,000 Federal public works program. Eternal vigilance should be the watchword of the citizen who has no axe to grind and no faction to promote—the forgotten man.

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PRIVATE CHARITY

IT IS ONE of the ironies of the Recovery Program that with all the emphasis which has been placed on public works, higher wages, shorter hours, spreading of work, extension of credit, government stimulation of private and semi-public business, housing loans, agricultural aid, home and work relief, and all the other recovery expedients, it should still be necessary to exhort the public to keep up and even expand their private charities. It would be desperately unfortunate if any substantial number of our people should get the idea into their heads that the government is going to relieve them of their duty to provide for their fellowmen.

Not only must the normal needs of institutions and agencies dependent upon private charity, but the extraordinary demands due to the Depression, must continue to be met. Unfortunately the line between public and private relief cannot be drawn as definitely as we should like to draw it. There is no clean-cut distinction which can be made, and no one is in authority to make it, between just what the individual must give to the church, to the hospital, the community chest and to the welfare organization on the one hand, and what he must pay in taxes for public relief on the other. There are experts who get up nice, neat formulas as infallible guides to prudent men and women in making up their budget, but the subject of giving is one which does not yield to formula. In the end, it must be a matter of common sense, generosity, religion, piety, gratitude and regard for others, coupled with a healthy scepticism as to what the government is likely to do.

The public has become confused on this subject because of conflicting statements issued by the government and the press. For example, health officials, Federal, state and local, have startled the average layman by broadcasting that on the whole the country is healthier due to the Depression. After he gets over his initial bewilderment, the layman makes the natural assumption that in times of depression all kinds of excesses are impossible and that people eat and drink less, sleep longer, and generally behave themselves better than in times of abnormal prosperity. A further natural deduction is that if public health is better, private contributions to hospitals and health agencies can be reduced. That is the trouble with statistics. They all need common-sense interpretation.

The fact of the matter is that while public health generally may be better, the health of hundreds of thousands of people who are in want because the breadwinners are out of work, or because their normal incomes have been cut off, is much worse. In other words, it is only the people who have enough to live on, whose health is improved, and it is these who bring down the line of sickness on the doctors' charts and make the country as a whole look ruddier and healthier. But what about the minority of millions who are under-nourished, depressed and discouraged, if not actually sick in the ordinary sense? These must be taken care of.

Another example of publicity which makes for confusion, is the statement which appears almost daily as to the numbers of hundreds of thousands to be employed on public works tomorrow, next week or next month. Usually the numbers are exaggerated, and at any rate the public works program is proceeding so slowly and is so suffocated with red tape that the promised jobs cannot possibly be available at the time readers are led to expect them. Similarly, rosy promises of re-employment through the NRA machinery have for their obvious purpose making people believe that work relief would soon end and that home relief would be cut in half. While General Johnson thunders optimism through a thousand voices of the NRA, the comparatively still, small voice of Mr. Hopkins, the Federal Relief Administrator, warns that there is tough sledding ahead and that government relief resources are inadequate to meet it.

We are now told that expansion of credit will promptly revive business. No doubt there will be a considerable business upturn through this measure, but how can it be prompt? In the meantime, all these promises, assurances and predictions, and these confusing voices, discourage private giving and encourage the average, reasonably generous and public spirited citizen to pass the buck to the government and save what he can for himself and his family.

The fact, however, cannot too often be stated, nor too much emphasized, that it is a long, hard, tough pull back to prosperity, and that in the meantime we face a hard winter which can only be made bearable for a great part of our population by private charity, which must be re-doubled rather than cut down. Don't leave it all to the government. Charity still begins at home.

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Revolt in the South

by Allen Raymond

Signs and portents of a new revolt in the Solid South are beginning to appear below the Mason-Dixon line. Allen Raymond, a frequent contributor to NEW OUTLOOK discusses the salient features of the New Deal which are failing of full acceptance in southern states.

WHEN United States Senator Carter Glass of Virginia denounced recently the celebrated Blue Eagle of the National Recovery Act as a "black buzzard," and refused to let it adorn the two newspapers of which he is the owner, there were plenty of conservative Americans who cheered him—silently. Very few are the men who cry out openly and honestly in these swiftly moving times against the policies of the dramatic Executive at the head of the Federal government.

"Unconstitutional," the Senator thundered. He predicted openly that the act would yet be tested in the courts, and left a fair inference that he was relying upon the judiciary to protect the historic liberties of the people against subversion by a popular leader.

It was grand and dramatic. Even those millions who have voted for an absolute "New Deal," and who really want it, must admire the Senator. But was it really important? Was it not, rather, one of the last of the great individualists, standing in his old age and shaking an impotent fist at the tidal wave of collectivism now sweeping over a country that has ended its primitive, personal pioneering, and is starting an inevitable advance by community effort?

All over the world since the two great economic debacles of 1921 and 1929, the state has been taking the command of disorganized business away from individual enterprisers. Civil liberties, which are legal guarantees of such individual rights as the governments deem essential to the popular welfare, are replacing that broader, individual freedom which at times has seemed little more than anarchy. Such a movement is dangerous, to be sure, but as long as the people control their own governments, they may well possess even greater realities of freedom within the newer order.

As long as Senator Glass, or some lesser man, can get up and denounce the governmental policy, and attempt to sway the rest of us to alter it, peaceably, without having some ruffian in a black or brown shirt fill him full of castor oil or break his bones, he will be performing a service. He will be demonstrating, by public test, how real is our freedom.

It is perhaps significant then, and worthy of more than mere passing notice, that as we look out over the country for the origin of these critical voices raised in serious speculation upon the "whys" and "wherefores" of our recovery effort that we notice a significant chorus organizing in the South. In some instances it appears to come merely from small political manipulators who believe selfishly that in time of Democratic Administration the slogan at Washinging should be, "The South first, last and always." But this is not the only source. It is coming in increasing volume from the press of the South, and also from a considerable section of the southern agricultural establishment which asserts that it is unable to see how certain, important units of the national recovery machinery ever can be made to mesh with the basic economic interests of this section, and in particular of eight southern states.

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Of all sections of the country the South regretted most the failure of the World Economic Conference at London. Since that failure the voice of question and protest has been growing noticeably louder, bolder. What irony it would be if the South, that solidly Democratic area of the country, should be the principal region to be most disappointed in the more liberal portions of the New Deal?

The development of the South, and particularly those eight states of old Dixie from Tennessee and Mississippi to Virginia and Florida, present today the greatest opportunity this country has for reconstruction, and for the creation of a permanent prosperity within the country. Neglect to develop them, or the subordination of their interests to the fancied advantage of any more highly industrialized section of the country will mean that they will continue to be what they have been in the past—a drag on the prosperity of other regions, because they never have had enough money in all of them to buy their share of the country's merchandise.

Wrecked by the Civil War, preyed upon by carpetbaggers for a generation, discriminated against in the tariff policy of the country that temporarily built up other sections of the country at their expense, they are now an opportunity and a challenge to American civilization; and unless developed with reasonable speed through their own efforts, and with the assistance of the North and West, they will remain a danger to many a northern mill town, used to a greater prosperity.

In the last ten years there has been a veritable flight of

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factories from northern cities into the South for a very simple reason. There is a reservoir there of cheap labor. Just as it was true in Abraham Lincoln's day that no nation could exist half slave and half free, but must become all one, or the other, so it is true today that no nation can live eternally with one half of it on a high wage basis and the other half on a low. It will tend to become all one, or the other; and the tendency will be toward the low. The codes of the National Industrial Recovery Act all recognize the differential in the regional wage scales, though there has been some effort made to equalize them according to the varying climatic costs of living.

How cheap is that Southern labor? The North does not realize it. David R. Coker, South Carolina philanthropist, once told the writer that he had made a study of the average revenue of tenant farmers in the South from the Civil War to 1921, and had found that with the exception of about three years it had averaged sixty-two cents a day, exclusive of house and garden, with three persons a day, a mother, father and one child working for that sixty-two cents!

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Professor S. R. Hobbs, of the University of North Carolina, tells how more than half the farms in the South are operated by tenants today, with farm tenancy on the lowest level that exists anywhere in the civilized world. The average sales income of a farmer in North Carolina in 1930 was about $1,000. Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, showed that she really knew something about conditions in the South when she recently called the area shoe-less. While a few Southern editors snapped back at her, with outraged pride, there were others who reminded their fellow citizens the woman was right.

There are about 5,000,000 persons living in poverty, ignorance and hereditary hopelessness on the farms of the eight southeastern states today, a reproach to American civilization, and a menace to standards of living elsewhere because the labor of their men, women and children is essentially pauper labor. More than half of this American peasantry is white, and these people have within the narrow limits of their mental horizon such virtues as piety, honesty and the willingness to toil.

What can be done for them and for their country? A change in their economy from the one cash crop to a diversified farming is gradually being made, largely because of the devoted leadership among them of scholars and gentlemen in Southern colleges. This thing takes time. The Tennessee Valley reconstruction project is bound to be helpful in the long run, but it will do very little for quite a while and in the doing of it may easily upset existing public utility properties. The steady migration of industry into the South has been helping them, bringing a necessary balance to the region's agriculture.

Their immediate necessity for the next few years is an expansion of foreign markets for their cotton and all the other products of their fields, mines and forests. Since the advent of the present Administration they have suffered one disappointment, and perhaps a necessary one, in the comparative failure of the London conference to stimulate international commerce. And the farthest sighted among them are increasingly critical of a farm program based upon destruction of their products, rather than the provision of some means to sell them in ever larger quantities to a badly organized world.

Peter Molyneaux, editor of *"The Texas Weekly,"* published in Dallas, Texas, is perhaps the most conspicuous of numerous Southern editors who have been criticizing the Administration's policies constructively ever since the World Economic Conference at London was wrecked, for the time being, even though it may some day be resumed under happier circumstances.

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That conference was wrecked, according to the despatches of most qualified observers, either because of a division of counsel among the American delegation, which seemed to have two leaders, neither of them in full command, or because President Roosevelt suddenly changed his mind as to what the conference might accomplish. Or perhaps it was wrecked by the very speed with which world business affairs were moving, so that President Roosevelt was forced to change his course, temporarily or permanently, from internationalism back to nationalism, in so sudden a tacking that all the world was startled. Thousands cheered. Some others regretted.

The South regretted. The Democratic South, which had voted blindly in its party faith and in its bitter revolt against Hooverism and deflation, had a great stake in the success of that conference. The success of the conference, the South believed with some reason, would have meant swifter revival of foreign trade. The prosperity of the South depends upon exports. The extent of exports must depend to a large degree upon the extent of imports.

It was to revive this business of exporting and importing from nation to nation that the World Economic Conference in London was called, and the American delegation to it was led by a man who believed in the business, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, an able Southerner, a patriot and an internationalist. Arriving in London, June 8, he called for an all-around lowering of those tariff barriers which have been soaring skyward all over Europe since the World War, and have even started growing around the borders of the British Empire.

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Mr. Hull's reception by the European statesmen was cool. They found his first interview and his oration of June 14 too much in the pious, evangelical manner of Ramsay MacDonald—and they have been getting extremely bored with MacDonald. Hard-boiled and chauvinistic, they cracked back that the root of world difficulties lay in the silly determination of the United States to collect some uncollectible war debts. It lay also, they said, in the wild fluctuation of international exchange, which was being aggravated by a vacillating dollar, gone unforgivably off gold, when America had enough gold to maintain the standard.

The question of money became the paramount consideration of the conference. James M. Cox of the American delegation was elected president of the Monetary Committee. The governors of the central banks of the United

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States, Great Britain and France agreed tentatively to a program for the stabilization of exchange by establishing a general equalization account. Recalling that President Roosevelt himself had called for a stabilization of exchange as recently as May 16, but thereafter had entered a cautious inflationary policy designed to raise prices, almost everyone interpreted the agreement of the central banking emissaries as foreshadowing a conference agreement. Everyone knew that stabilization of exchange was a *sine qua non* of revived foreign trade, for which the conference had been called.

On June 15, the thing appeared to be accomplished. Wall Street took the situation to mean a real interruption in inflationary policies at Washington. The dollar rose sharply. Prices of stocks and commodities dropped sharply. And the American position, however tentative it may have been, was quickly reversed.

From then on, pessimism hung over that great world gathering. The French, intransigeant, yelled for adjournment. MacDonald implored. The Americans hung on, persistently, fighting for some success in their venture, but soon were so evidently divided in their counsel, with Senator Key Pittman contradicting the authority of some of Secretary Hull's proposals, that even the American correspondents began to kid their own amateur diplomats. It was a sad performance, even though later an international pact to limit wheat production and exports really gave the conference some small claim to accomplishment.

President Roosevelt sent Raymond Moley, then undersecretary of state, to the gathering as a personal emissary, to try to rescue it. The British, alarmed at violent fluctuations of the dollar—due partly to international speculators —after Moley's arrival sent an appeal to the President, through Dr. Moley, to join in some declaration that would stabilize world moneys.

President Roosevelt refused. On July 3, he wrote the letter which spelled the end of the conference. In words that aroused the perplexity and the anger of European statesmen, and then, quite plainly, the awed professional admiration of his boldness, President Roosevelt admonished the conference. He said he would regard it as a catastrophe amounting to a world tragedy if the great conference of the nations allowed itself to be diverted by the proposal for a purely artificial and temporary experiment affecting the monetary exchanges of a few nations only, from its larger, more important, purposes.

The currency discussions, in which every nation was interested, naturally stopped. The question of war debts was specifically barred. Tariff discussions came immediately to a close. The conference foundered. The United States had apparently decided to go it alone for awhile, along the lines of a nationalist program for recovery, leaving the stimulation of foreign trade for the future. And shortly thereafter, Dr. Moley, who had been in the strange position at the conference of seeming to outrank his chief, Secretary Hull, as the mouthpiece of the President, had left the Cabinet.

What has been the feeling in the South toward all this? A deep disappointment, apparently, that the conference was no more of a success; a confidence that Secretary Hull's views of the necessity for lowering tariff barriers must prevail in the end; a growing feeling that since the war debts will never be collected in full we well might take a few small lump sums and forget about the rest of them; a growing certainty that international monetary standards will have to be stabilized somewhere, soon, for the salvation of trade; and that the world conference ought to be reconvened as soon as is practicable.

The South is inevitably the foe of nationalism, because 6,000,000 persons below the Mason and Dixon line live on cotton farms, and another 6,000,000 make their livings indirectly from cotton; from that cotton which has been the curse, and hope and reliance of the South for generations, and from which it is turning but slowly, perforce, to diversified agriculture and a balance of industrialism. More than half of the southern cotton has to be exported. What the cotton grower needs is the market of the world, and in order to have the market, some stable international means of exchange will have to be provided. Tariff walls will have to be lowered. The rest of the world must be enabled somehow to pay this country for cotton.

The rest of the world must be able to pay this country for tobacco, of which we export 41 per cent of our crop, and for resin, of which we export 55 per cent of our output; and turpentine, rye, kerosene, lubricating oil, copper, and many other products of the fields and mines on which the South and the West depend for their livings. The South, particularly, is beginning to see this.

"If the United States is compelled, through failure of the World Economic Conference, to return to a policy of economic nationalism and to attempt national self-sufficiency," Peter Molyneaux wrote in *"The Texas Weekly,"* as the conference started, "then there are rocky times ahead for the American people."

Since the conference ended he has been insisting that it has only gone into recess for awhile; that it was not, indeed, a complete failure, and *must be resumed.*

He has found plenty of Southern editors in recent weeks to support his view. The Savannah, Ga., *"Press"* declared, "It is a matter of regret that the nations in the London conference seemed inclined toward nationalism. So long as nations are encouraged to erect tariff walls against each other; so long as currency is jockeyed so as to give one another an advantage, just so long will nations continue to arm against each other, and foreign trade, as well as world peace, will be jeopardized."

Because of the dominant place of cotton in the Southern economy, this editor said, "The South is especially interested in promoting and enlarging the foreign trade of the world." The same view is found in editorials in the *"Tampa* (Fla.) *Times,"* the *"Asheville* (N. C.) *Citizen," the "Baton Rouge State-Times,"* and other newspapers of the South.

Molyneaux and his colleagues of the Southern press are fighting inflation, are calling vociferously for an end to the international war debt problem. When President Roosevelt drops the question of debt settlement into the lap of Congress, the country at large may be surprised by the number of Southern representatives who will reverse themselves on war debt collection.

There are a considerable number of Southern leaders, also, who are highly skeptical of the Administration's program for plowing under cotton, and reimbursing the cotton growers by revenues of a processing tax. The whole concept of plowing under agricultural products, or indeed, of reducing acreage drastically, offends their ideas of common sense, when the world needs the products, and when so many Americans are dependent upon their growth. They feel that the country's statesmen ought to be able to devise some better solution for our economic troubles.

Molyneaux gathers their opinions together, and throws

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them across the nation for editors everywhere to read and consider. One of his contributors, L. P. Gabbard, a farm economist of the Texas Agricultural Station, wrote recently a fair summation of this Southern opinion upon the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's program.

"The nationalistic path," he said, "leads ultimately and logically to a withdrawal of our agricultural products from the world's markets.

"According to the program of the isolationist, it will be necessary to take out of production fifty or sixty million acres now producing wheat, cotton, corn, tobacco, etc., if farm prices are to be raised and maintained at a satisfactory level. It has been estimated that with the present scale of production such a reduction in acreage would mean a reduction in the farm population of about 5,000,000 people. This would further aggregate industrial unemployment, which has already reached tragic proportions."

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Now that the political honeymoon of the Roosevelt Administration and that of the American people has ended, and many persons within the country feel that we are rising slowly from the nadir of the Depression reached by the world at large in the summer of 1932, they are beginning to question more freely some of the specific proposals made by the government.

Particularly is this policy of creating an artificial scarcity of farm products while large sections of the world's population go hungry shocking to them. Would it not be better to fling our vast surpluses into starving China, on any terms that we can get for them, and thereby head off onrushing Communism, rather than to destroy our own produce? At least, the government is going to buy a little of this food and distribute it to some of the American jobless this winter.

Mr. Molyneaux only recently pointed out a serious joker, apparently, in the A.A.A. program for a reduction in cotton acreage in 1934, insofar as it applied to Texas.

Briefly, the plan is to lower the cotton acreage of the country to 25,000,000 acres. There are 17,000,000 acres today in Texas alone, and this would have to be cut to about 10,000,000 acres, or about the figure which prevailed in 1910, before the World War demands for cotton stimulated migration of cotton growers across the Mississippi from the Old South.

But from 1910 to 1930 there was a very considerable increase, naturally, in the number of farm homes in Texas, where cotton was raised, and hence in the population dependent upon cotton growing. Of the 392,355 cotton farms in Texas in 1910, 203,579 were occupied by tenants.

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In 1930, there were 507,426 farms in Texas, and tenants occupied 307,367 of them. Moreover, since the average of cotton growers among farm tenants is higher than that of any other class of farmer, Mr. Molyneaux estimated that there were between 80,000 and 90,000 more cotton tenants in his state alone in 1930 than in 1910.

"What is going to become of them?" he asked. "How many of the cotton tenants of Texas are going to be retired, when cotton acreage is reduced to an area corresponding to that of 1910?" He pointed out that the families of those surplus cotton tenants must number some 400,000. He wondered how they were going to be supported if their jobs at producing cotton were taken away from them.

Denouncing the code for cotton farms as a land owners' code, he pointed out that most of the rentals of cotton farms run for only a year. The man whom the government proposes to compensate for reducing the acreage is the landlord, and not the farmer, he said. Are landlords to be compelled to reduce the acreage of all tenants equally, he asked, so that as many persons will find livings cultivating a smaller number of acres? Will the tenant be assured of a proportional share of the rental money paid by the government?

Just how is the government going to manage the scheme so that the cultivation of 10,000,000 acres of cotton in Texas shall give livings to as many persons as have been required through the last five years for the cultivation of 17,000,000 acres?

He pointed out that already in Texas several hundred thousand persons in the families of cotton tenants were being supported by the taxpayers from relief funds. What the government's program for 1934 means, he argued, is that instead of getting these people back to work, they are to remain on public relief, and their numbers are to be swelled still further by more homeless tenants.

"The cotton plan is a land owners' code," he asserted. "Rentals varying from $3 to $11 an acre are to be paid to the landlords, according to their average production on the land over a five-year period. This will bring in, without any of the risks of cotton growing, which are considerable, about one fourth as much as the gross worth of all the cotton the land would grow, granting cotton is about ten cents a pound. In other words, it is to pay the land owner better than renting his ground to a tenant and sharing in the produce."

Mr. Molyneaux recalled that some years ago a facetious politician suggested that as a solution of the farm problem one fourth of all the farmers be loaded on barges, towed to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and drowned, so that the rest of them could make a living. The drowning plan might well prove less cruel to the people of the South than the present scheme of the Federal government, he suggested, since the plan makes no provision whatever for the people who are to be replaced.

The writings of his contributors, and those of editors, of other Southern newspapers, indicate also a healthy minority, at least, disssenting from the belief that a processing tax on cotton products will help very much. They argue that this tax will tend naturally to raise the prices of cotton goods, and therefore to cut down consumption.

As for inflation, and all its works, they are against it whole-heartedly, and they argue that the gains in cotton prices made to date are purely illusory, since the world price of cotton, established in Liverpool, its greatest market, was lower on September 1, 1933, than on the same date of 1932. Inflation can only tend to increase the price of everything the Southern farmer has to buy, and there is no guarantee whatever that it will increase the price of cotton sufficiently to make up the difference. Moreover, continuing fluctuations in unstable currencies will continue to impede the free flow of world commerce, which alone can rescue the South from the Depression.

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You, the Consumer

By Robert R. Doane

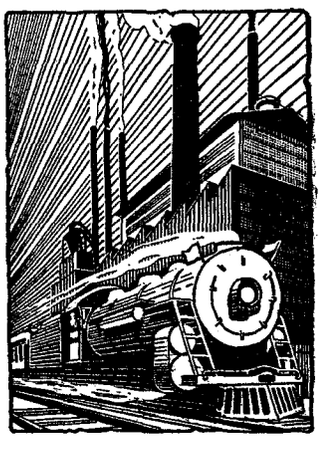
Is the consumer really king of the economic world? Robert R. Doane, author of the American Consumer Market Study, presents new and startling facts which challenge the value of the consumer as the key to national recovery.

THE recovery of consumption for recovery, which is implied in our present great National program, is not altogether the brain-child of our modern economic stylists. Rather it harkens back a few decades to that growing series of assumptions which, for want of anywhere else to lodge, finally terminated conveniently in the coronation of the ultimate consumer as the final arbiter of economic destiny.

The ultimate consumer, long ago we were told, constitutes the court of last resort in deciding what goods shall be made and in what quantity. The ultimate consumer gives industry its orders. The direction business events may take is dependent upon his demand. These directions are given day by day through that great social institution known as—*the market*. Here in this great market, which is, of course, not a place but every place where business is done, the consumer's thumbs go up and go down as they settle the fate of the multiple and varied competing commodities offered for approval.

The ultimate consumer has been likened to the voter at an election—in the casting of votes and the spending of dollars—both are methods of expressing public opinion. As he spends he commands the materials from which consumers' goods are made, even to the production of producers' goods used in making consumers' goods, and on to the production of producers' goods used in the making of producers' goods as well.

Farmers, manufacturers, merchants, public utilities, service agencies and professional men and women all strive to supply *what the public will buy*. They are therefore continually under the necessity of producing those things which gratify the consumers' wants. Not only that, but they operate under the necessity of anticipating these wants, under a free competitive system, in advance.



At this point the colorful analogy breaks down, and the carefully built up sovereignty of the consumer begins to lose much of its authority. The farther the removal from the direct personal tastes of the consumer business enterprise may wander, the less control there is over demand, and the greater grows the element of *productive discretion*. For the institution of the market is after all not merely a place, or places, but is essentially a complex set of relationships *between* buyers and sellers, and *among* buyers—and also among sellers. Thus the consumers' control fades into various gradations of influence that few men have any means of accurately knowing.

From here on many flies get into the ointment as the age-old riddle begins. And not the least of these is that of the income and purchasing power at the disposal of the consumer.

On this vitally important point of the restrictive influence of income there exists a wide and ever broadening variety of both mature and naive theory. Some claim that there is insufficient money income pumped out into consumers' hands annually to lift the value of the annual production off the market. Some claim that this country, and the whole world, is suffering from a failure of the purchasing power of consumers to keep pace with the increasing power of production in most branches of industry and agriculture. Others claim that there is an adequate total annual income, but that it is improperly distributed among the masses of the people. Still others ignore the problem of possible maldistribution and state that the insufficient rate of consumption is not due primarily to any insufficiency of money income, as normally in all processes of production the money costs, currently paid out as wages, salaries, interest, rent and dividends, are quite sufficient to purchase the entire product. And, therefore, if there is insufficient purchase of consumption goods, this must be due either to an excessive purchase of new producers' goods (through savings and investment), or else to a withholding of some purchasing power both from the purchase of consumers' and producers' goods.

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Regardless of how these interminable discussions may run there is still an incredible paucity of facts surrounding the whole field of wealth and the germination and disposal of income. It must be clear that it is of the first importance that we know *how our people live*, how much they have to spend, how much they do spend and how they spend it. Otherwise the business community is continuously catering to a purely "metaphysical public" about which little or nothing is really known. Oddly enough, consumers' budget data have generally been considered as having little interest save only to the theoretical sociologist, the social welfare worker, or the labor leader. This

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is a point of view which obviously has proven almost disastrously costly to business throughout the world.

This paucity of data has already proven quite a stumbling block to the Administration in Washington. Reasoning and rationalization alone can rarely proceed far, if it is to accomplish satisfactory results, without a basis of facts. Yet there are many, as a distinguished student of American business has recently stated, who flout the facts as either useless or a waste of time. To these super-strategists their logic and their powers of reasoning are so superior to anything so crude as ascertainable facts as to preclude the necessity for their usefulness.

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In this connection, however, the division of research of Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration has recently issued a revealing report on the behavior of consumption during the Depression. The disclosures are not only astonishing, but have been offered as an aid in the determination of prompt and proper remedial policies.

Contrary to ideas widely held, including that of Washington Administrative circles, the consumption of food, clothing, household furnishings and miscellaneous merchandise by the mass of the people has not suffered, on a purely quantitative basis, any sharp falling off since 1929, according to the Harvard report. The decline in the physical consumption of consumers' goods, this report discloses, has not exceeded 10 per cent from that of the 1928-29 levels!

The fact that this country has passed through an extremely severe depression without a drop in consumption exceeding 10 per cent, the report concludes, seems to give conclusive evidence of the inherent stability of consumption; and leads to the further conclusion that, if consumption has not fallen off during the Depression, taking the country as a whole, then no great consumer shortages have been built up. If this is true, and there is considerable supporting evidence, then apparently we should not expect the consumption goods industries to furnish the springboard from which we shall jump back to prosperity, but should give our attention chiefly to the stimulation of those industries which are engaged in manufacturing capital goods or producers' goods.

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As a result of this evidence the way out of the Depression, as in those of the past, is to increase the consumption of producers' goods. Only in this way, states the report, can a balanced recovery take place. Nor does the report consider it likely, in the event recovery does occur, that it can be attributed in any large part to the current activities of the Washington Administration.

Concurring with this viewpoint are numerous other eminent authorities who have conducted exhaustive studies covering the same fields. Among these have been Colonel M. C. Rorty, who has cautioned against a mounting state of imbalance. Dr. Virgil Jordan, President of the National Industrial Conference Board, has continuously cautioned against the inadequacy of what he calls the "Consumer-King" concept, as it has been adopted as the ruling principle behind almost every policy of the present Administration.

And so the great conflict of thought runs on while most of its intricate conceptions remain utterly meaningless to the common man. To him the immediate problem of work, of security, of bread and butter and shelter, are the dominant issues. Even the average man who is the fortunate recipient of an income is still in what might be termed the "Oh yeah?" state of mind.

Let us, for example, see what has happened to the average, moderately comfortable family man's budget from 1929 to the end of 1932. Without presuming to intrude unduly into the private life and accounting of the consumer, we can construct from available data covering the entire number of all income recipients what amounts to an average. The result does not claim to represent *all* family exact income or disbursements, but does represent a fair approximation of proportionate amounts and changes.

Comparative Income and Expenditure Summary:

	1929		1932	
Income:				
Salary	$3,000		$1,773	
Interest	200		100	
Dividends	400		50	
Total		$3,600		$1,923
Expenditures: (1)			(2)	
Food	$828		$528	
Housing	622		494	
Wearing apparel	316		150	
Motor car, transportation	469		207	
Personal	356		175	
Recreation	178		51	
Health	128		45	
Education	78		38	
Social, lodge, church	69		42	
Civil	39		32	
Taxes, direct	91		35	
Total		$3,174		$1,797
Net surplus, or savings (Insurance, bldg. & loan)		426		126
Total		$3,600		$1,923

(1) From "Average Family Budget," *The American Consumer Market Study,* Robert R. Doane and Virgil Jordan, McGraw-Hill Pub. Co., 1932.

(2) From *The Measurement of American Wealth,* Robert R. Doane, Harper and Brothers, 1933.

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Here we find significant declines of 45 per cent in total income, and a 70 per cent decline in savings. Also there are important changes in the distribution of expenditures among the various items of the budget. Yet we have long known that the consumers' buying habits are relatively fixed according to certain well defined standards and rarely undergo much change over short periods of time unless they are enforced, through restriction of income, or by its augmentation.

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Let us now take a look at the changes that have occurred in Mr. Average Family Man's balance sheet of Resources and Liabilities:

Resources:	1929		1932	
Cash in hand or in bank	$203		$131	
Savings bank account	874		409	
Insurance cash surrender value	255		171	
Total quick assets		$1,332		$711
Bonds	1,625		704	
Other securities	2,384		686	
Value of house and lot	6,346		4,414	
All other property, chattels	3,772		1,194	
Total resources		$15,459		$7,709
Liabilities:				
Accounts payable	833		1,257	
Mortgage payable	3,500		3,500	
Total liabilities		4,333		4,757
Net worth		11,126		2,952

Here we find even greater changes have occurred. Total resources have declined much more sharply than his total income, while his liabilities have increased, bringing about a decline in his total net worth of approximately 72 per cent. According to this compound statement Mr. Average (Comfortably Situated) Family Man is standing upon an extremely narrow margin, rapidly approaching insolvency, and should he lose his income he barely has enough convertible assets in reserve to carry him for a period of more than five months.

There are also other peep-holes through which we may look at some of the private problems of the consumer. One of them is in the construction of a computation whereby Mr. Average Man determines the cost of his home ownership over that of rental of similar living quarters. The following tabulation represents the usual method employed:

I.	Value of house and lot Jan. 1, 1929	$6,346	
II.	Rental cost of similar home (12% of house value)		$3,044 (4 yrs)
III.	Value of house, Dec. 31, 1932	4,414	
IV.	Cost of owning home, Jan. '29 to Jan. '32:		
	1. Interest on mortgage, 6%	$ 840	
	2. Interest on investment in home (at 6% as a cost of ownership)	683	
	3. Taxes, with special assessments	464	
	4. Repairs and upkeep (1% of value)	252	
	5. Insurance on home	219	
	6. Depreciation, normal at 3%	760	
	7. Depreciation in value, I less III		1,932
V.	Total normal costs, excluding item 7	3,218	
VI.	Total costs past 4 years		$5,050

From the above it will be seen that the home owner would have been much better off had he rented a similar establishment in 1929 than electing to continue dwelling in his own home. However, most consumers fail to consider normal depreciation as a cost element. Still with the decline in rental values from 12 to 10 per cent the difference based upon normal costs approximates some 26 per cent greater cost for home ownership during this period.

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What has been pictured above has been representative, not only of how the individual as a consumer has fared, but how the average *successful* citizen has fared, and is illustrative of but a fraction of the entire population. The vast majority of consumers are, of course, standing nowhere near such a comparatively substantial position. To begin with, barely 22 per cent of our total consuming population are property owners at all. Next, approximately 80 per cent of our entire population are living today upon incomes below that illustrated above, and what is even far more significant are supporting almost 70 per cent of the entire dependent population.

In this connection it may prove enlightening to review comparisons of living standards as distributed among the total population, and the changes that have occurred since 1929.

Living Standard Classification of the Total Population:

	1929 %	1932 %
Liberal, $25,000 a year and over	.48	.07
Well-to-do, $5,000 to $25,000	2.97	1.07
Moderate, $3,000 to $5,000	6.17	2.14
Comfort, $2,000 to $3,000	13.41	8.19
Minimum comfort, $1,500 to $2,000	15.82	12.81
Minimum health, $1,000 to $1,500	18.80	16.42
Bare subsistence, $600 to $1,000	22.35	25.39
Poverty level, $600 and under	18.75	22.44
Public charges	1.20	11.43
Total	100.00	100.00

The above tabulation has been computed from reports in Statistics of Income and from the U. S. Bureau of the Census figures. It presents a striking commentary upon the distribution of wealth and income of the people who make up the population of the wealthiest nation in the world. Here the full plight of the consumer is bared to view. In the year 1929, the greatest year of prosperity of all time, more than 40 per cent of the population were then living either at, or below, the bare subsistence level. While the year 1932 witnesses fully three fourths of the great American population living at or below the minimum standard health and efficiency level.

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Our fortunately situated consumers have been able closely to maintain their normal consumption needs, due to the combined factors of a declining price level and the making of large drafts upon their capital reserves. A point not covered by the Harvard report.

A further dilution of consumer income occurs in the large annual consumer expenditure going directly for services, as distinguished from consumption goods. Our rapid increase in the consumption of pure services has been one of the outstanding features of American standards of living. The consumer market therefore, from a business and administrative point of view, is the total value of all goods *and services* that can be absorbed *after* all payments to government, savings, and expenditures for services have been made.

The Harvard report has not, of course, covered this large item. Nor was it necessary for the fundamental purpose of their study that it be included. After all, those who render these services do so in order to secure the purchasing power required to meet their own consumption needs in terms of goods. The point—and it is an extremely important point—is that while the total consumption of physical consumer goods has declined but relatively little, yet the purchasing power, as everyone knows, with

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which to meet these consumer requirements has declined enormously. What the Harvard report fails to disclose is that there are today 4 million *more* consumers in the United States than in 1929. On a quantitative *per capita* basis the decline in the consumption of consumers' goods would show considerably greater than 10 per cent. And that the struggle to maintain these minimum per capita levels has severely strained—and drained—consumers' capital assets.

Regarding the distribution and changes that have occurred in the capital reserves of the great mass of American consumers much more could be said; but suffice it to state that these reserves, not only of consumers but of the business community as well, are the lowest now that they have been since the period of the Civil War. As pointed out by the writer in the April issue of NEW OUTLOOK, the importance of conserving, protecting and augmenting these present diminished capital reserves cannot, at this time, be over-emphasized.

Most of the present restrictive, continued deflationary policies, based upon the principle of retardation, with its amazing squirrel-cage and ring-round-the-rosy self-abuse economics, is resting upon the false belief that there is an abundance of capital reserves still existing to meet the costs of their experiment.

It is conceivable that the period of riotous living we went through, during the golden decade following the World War, was indulged in at the expense of a large section of our population. And also at the expense of our provision for the future. It is equally conceivable that recently we have been paying for the folly of those ten memorable years. Let us see.

During the period from 1919 to the end of 1929 the American people spent 750 billions of dollars. We piled up an additional 63 billions of debts, while we actually dissipated nearly 100 billions more in the consumption of goods and services beyond our means. But we constructed more than 80 billions of dollars worth of highways, irrigation systems, factories, ships, locomotives, dwellings and other forms of durable goods; 40 billions of dollars went into new industrial and commercial machinery and equipment; 18 billions of our current income were invested abroad, and more than 12 billions went into farm implements and agricultural equipment. Thus in the midst of our "squandering" we managed somehow to save nearly 150 billions and add that much new capital to our previously existing wealth.

A people that can save 20 per cent of their income can hardly be termed profligate. Few other nations, regardless of their normal economic sobriety, have ever been able to do better.

The real power of consumption, like that of production, depends, now as always, upon its economic efficiency. The supplying of the needs of consumers in proportion to their increase in numbers is the chief responsibility of any economy. This has always necessitated the maintenance of the existing capital equipment and its continuous increase. In the American economy the capital equipment has always been more abundant than necessary to meet consumers' needs at any particular time. Such a condition constitutes a part of the phenomena of the formation of capital.

It has, therefore, been assumed that the full use of this productive capacity could only result in a more replete satisfaction of consumers' wants. Or, if these satisfactions remain unchanged, this vast equipment might permit shorter working hours with its reduction of the demands upon the exertion of individuals. In either case some form of sacrifice takes place. In the first instance, a decline in prices might be expected, while in the latter a restriction of the otherwise possible satisfaction of wants occur.

In the event increased labor is employed, then it can take place only for the production of additional real capital. This new capital does not have to take the form of competitive capital with existing business enterprise, but may go into the augmentation of social capital. A term today popularized or degraded is public works. And, curiously enough, public works when adequately and properly conceived have never yet endangered capital, but have actually conserved and protected it.

Hostility to such projects has been based generally upon the persistent erroneous conception that such action involves a form of *involuntary saving*. Yet involuntary saving takes place under quite reverse circumstances. Also that *saving* in general means a refraining on the part of individuals (who are in a position to save) from currently consuming their income, thus making it impossible for producers to find purchasers of all of their products. One of the world's most astute and capable minds on the subject of capital long ago pointed out that "both the saved and the consumed income are used entirely for the purchase of the results of production." The only difference has been that the saved income has been spent by others in the purchase of goods which represented real social capital, whereas the consumed income has purchased goods for immediate consumption. It is now slowly becoming known that this form of saving cannot restrict the market for production, but actually enhances it.

The decision as to which kind of goods to produce is ever present. In all attempts artificially to stimulate activity this decision is all-important. Especially as it affects the course of future consumption and the capacity of consumers to consume.

It should be unnecessary to state that the payments made by consumers for consumers' goods are determined by his income; that this income is dependent upon the course and amount of productive payments; and that all consumers' income comes into being as a result of the essential payments connected directly with the cost factors attached to production and distribution. Under a monetary economy, the free play of exchange of goods and services can become effective in no other way. Whether this income is derived from profits, dividends, interest, rents or wages it can only be the result of previous productive and social expenditures.

Nevertheless, both the "government economy" and business "over-capacity" groups have brought out once again all of the old futile slogans and threadbare battle cries. By practicing the simple principle of retardation, they tell us, we are to find the royal road to recovery. By limiting the supply which comes to market as demanded, are we to increase demand which comes to market as supply?

That man or woman in any walk of life today, regardless of his or her traditional sentiment, who clearly views the present panorama of circumstance, and still believes that the American people can regain their accustomed standards of living by such nonsense—is living only in a fool's paradise. What the consumer needs today—is a full pocket-book. The resources and needed public works required to fill it are all present.

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Roads Around the Constitution

By Herbert Corey

The New Deal legislation will meet its first great test in the Supreme Court this month. Herbert Corey, Washington newspaperman and magazine writer, indicates the existing roads which the defendants will follow in evading the Constitution.

THIS article shall begin with a feeble attempt to extract some humor from a serious situation. That the topic warrants heavier treatment will be admitted. The present status of the Constitution should interest an American almost as much as his wife's operation and be considered as barely second in importance to the salvation of his soul. In fact, it also seems to be an excellent posthumous joke upon Alexander Hamilton. His aristocratic hand helped frame the Constitution. He was, perhaps, the foremost defender of the rights of property and of a strong central government. He stood valiantly for "the haves" against "the have-nots." He foresaw the difficulties that would rise to trouble the new state, and so far as possible, he guarded against them.

Then with his own hand he opened the gate through which the power of the Executive has escaped to a freedom never contemplated by him. Today the Constitution is not being defied, or destroyed, or mutilated in any way. It is simply being *evaded*. It may be seen by those traveling upon the Road of Progress—or by those merely traveling upon the road—as a magnificent monument which tradition demands be admired, but which need not be considered as an impediment to action. The language of the Constitution is clarity itself. No one possessed of the ability to read fine print can fail to understand precisely what its framers intended. Gladstone called it the most sublime document ever framed by man. Yet Congress and the courts have combined to find a way around it. They merely followed the detour that Hamilton found for them.

Today one hears everywhere that a revolution in government is in progress. Donald R. Richberg, general counsel of the NRA, was not rebuked by any one in authority when he made that statement. The ballet of professors who have escaped the academic shades to dance through the lights of Washington say it over and over. There is, they say, to be a redistribution of wealth. The man who has saved is to be taught the folly of that procedure by being compelled to share with the man who has not saved. Power is being centralized in the Federal government. States' rights are going into the discard. One class is being taxed for the benefit of another class. These rejoicings may be statements of fact and yet the fact may not be unconstitutional. Page Mr. Alexander Hamilton. If there is a revolution in progress, he was the original revolutionist. If he is in touch with affairs at Washington today he must be extremely annoyed.

Shortly after the adoption of the Constitution the establishment of an United States bank of issue seemed desirable. President Washington doubted the power of Congress, as the Constitution had not in set terms conferred it, and referred the matter to Hamilton for an opinion. Not to go too deeply into past history, Hamilton replied that the state had the "implied" power to do what was necessary. The revolutionary cat got into the constitutional cream right there. Secretary of State Jefferson and Attorney General Randolph took an opposite position. The only limit to the "implied" power of the state was set by the Constitution, and the Constitution is to be interpreted by the courts.

The rule as to the constitutionality of legislation was laid down by the great Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Marbury v. Madison, decided in 1803. The principle then enunciated has never been weakened. In that opinion he said:

"The distinction between a government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished, if those limits do not confine the persons on whom they are imposed and if acts prohibited and acts allowed are of equal obligation. It is a proposition too plain to be contested that the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it; or, that the legislature may alter the Constitution by an ordinary act."

Plain as a pike-staff. Congress has no right to alter the Constitution. But in his opinion in the case of McCulloch v. Maryland shortly after, the Chief Justice wrote, following Hamilton's footsteps:

"But we think the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national legislature that discretion, with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the spirit and letter of the Constitution, are constitutional."

These two great decisions of the Supreme Court have

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been cited and applied time and again in the one hundred and thirty years which have intervened between their writing and the New Deal. By their principles will be tested today's legislation. Congress has not the right to alter the Constitution. But — and what a *but!*—Congress is granted discretion to "perform its high duties in the manner most beneficial to the people." The way around had been discovered. The "implied" powers found by Alexander Hamilton were on the way toward frequent amplification.

No one of the acts done at Washington since March 4 last was more sensational in fact and implication than our abandonment of the gold standard. Both the major parties had pledged themselves during the campaign to the preservation of sound money. Sound money was presumed to be gold. Every bond issued by the government was payable in gold. American currency was backed by a gold reserve. When the moneyed interests of the country were frightened by Bryan's campaign for the remonetization of silver, a gold clause was written into every real estate mortgage and insurance policy. Other governments might hop on and off the gold standard at will but the world assumed that we were irrevocably committed to it. Our gold reserve seemed to be the one firm spot in a shaking firmament. The Constitution had given to Congress the authority to:

"Coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin."

That seems sufficiently explicit. It was apparently the intention of the framers of the Constitution to reserve to Congress all authority over our monetary system. Under the "implied" powers discovered by Alexander Hamilton Congress created the first national bank of the United States and its action was sustained by the Supreme Court in the case of McCulloch v. Maryland, to which reference has been made. During the Civil War, Congress established the national banking system, under which private parties were permitted to organize national banks and that legislation was upheld as constitutional. At this time Congress also issued paper money without any coin backing. and this was sustained by the Supreme Court.

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Up to this time, Congress was still the boss. There had been no suggestion that it abdicate any of its powers in favor of the Executive. When money was to be coined it ordered the coining. If money was needed and it had no metal backing it ordered money printed. The Constitution remained inviolate. The "implied" powers found by Hamilton were used only to extend the apparent limit fixed by the Constitution, and in no case to transcend it. When Charles Sumner declared on the floor of the United States Senate prior to the Civil War, during his denunciation of the Fugitive Slave Law, that there "is a higher law" than the Constitution he was almost mobbed. Editors everywhere denounced him. No one had yet perceived that the Hamiltonian precedent could be used to justify evasion. Shortly after the Civil War one Milligan was condemned to death by a military court martial in Indiana. He applied to the courts for a writ on the ground that his trial by an army court was contrary to the Constitution, in which all citizens are assured the right of a trial by jury, and was released. Justice Davis, who wrote the decision of the Supreme Court, held that:

"The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances."

The doctrine that the Constitution may be disregarded, or evaded during a period of national emergency was first accepted by the Supreme Court during the World War. The Trading with the Enemy Act of October 6, 1917, expressly provided that the authority given to President Wilson was to be effective only until the end of the war with the Central Powers. It gave him power to withdraw gold from circulation as the agent of Congress. There was no question of the constitutionality of this statute. Under previous decisions of the Supreme Court the principle had been established that Congress had the authority to delegate certain of its powers. Congress on March 9, 1933, revived the authority granted to Mr. Wilson in 1917, amending the statute to read:

"During time of war or other national emergency declared by the President."

It was always within the implied powers of the Executive to declare at any time that an emergency exists, but for the first time he was authorized by Congress to do so as its agent for control of the banks and currency. The doctrine written by Justice Davis, that the Constitution is supreme "in war and in peace," had been superseded during the World War. The Constitution provides that no man shall be "deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." In a long line of decisions the Supreme Court has held that an individual, or a corporation, was denied due process of law when an attempt was made by statute or through the regulations of a commission to require rendition of service at a price which did not include a fair return on the capital invested in the business. It had been presumed that this principle was as firmly settled in law as any thing could be.

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Then hordes of workers began to gallop into New York and thousands of clerks and dollar a year men and patriots into Washington. There ensued a shortage of accommodations. There also ensued, of course, a perpendicular boost in the rentals asked. Landlords determined to make a great deal of hay while the sun of war shone. Congress passed a law creating a rent commission in the District of Columbia, with powers to regulate the rents, and the state of New York followed suit. These commissions were attacked in court and the cases ultimately reached the United States Supreme Court, which ruled that an emergency justified the laws which it was admitted could not be justified in peace times. The opinion written by Justice Davis was cast aside. The cases were those of Block v. Hirsh, 256 U S 135, and Brown Holding Company v. Feldman, 256 U S 170.

Only five of the nine justices sanctioned this interpretation of the Constitution. In the New York case, that provision of the Constitution which denied to the states the right to pass laws impairing the validity of contracts

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was also involved. A contract had been entered into by which certain premises were to be surrendered at the end of the lease period, but the tenant refused to surrender, or to increase the rent. The Supreme Court held that under the police powers of the state the New York law was valid and the tenant held on. The divided court, however, refused to extend the doctrine that the emergency justified the evasion of the constitutional mandate in a case involving the attempt of the state of Kansas to regulate by statute the wages paid and hours of work in a packing plant. It must appear to the lay mind that the court's ruling is that if *the emergency is sufficiently severe* the Constitution may be forgotten. No small emergencies need apply, however.

The statute of 1933, coupled with the decision of the Supreme Court during the World War, seems to give all the necessary authority to the President. It may be questioned whether the framers of the Constitution would accept either statute or decision, but they are not being heard upon question. The President has the authority, and has exercised it, to withdraw all gold from circulation. He has declared the hoarding of gold to be a punishable offense. He may, if he wishes, acting as the agent of Congress, devaluate the gold dollar by changing its gold content, or fix the weight of the silver dollar, or start the printing presses on a fresh mess of new green paper money. The only possible flaw might be in the power of Congress to delegate its authority, and that flaw had been nicely welded as far back as the Administration of President McKinley.

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The Constitution provides that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives" and that "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises" which shall be uniform throughout the United States. In McKinley's time, however, we were being bothered by the conviction of other nations that the United States offered a fat pasture in which its business men might graze at will. In order to restrain them somewhat Congress enacted the reciprocity tariff law, which authorized the President to impose certain taxes stated in the law upon imports from one of the offending countries; in the event that he considered it advisable. The President did impose the taxes and one of the importers who felt that he had been injured came into court.

"This," he said through his lawyers, "is in clear defiance of the constitutional provision that Congress, and not the President, shall impose taxes and duties."

The Supreme Court held, in Field v. Clark, 143 U S 649, that when Congress fixed the tax and left it to the President to put the tax in operation the constitutional requirement had been met. The Presidential right to act as the agent of Congress was strengthened in the Supreme Court proceedings following the enactment of the 1922 tariff law, which gave to the Executive the authority to vary the customs duties to accord with the cost of production here and abroad. Judicial sanction has been given to the congressional practice of delegating its duties. It is difficult to see that Congress has not the same right to place in Mr. Roosevelt's hands the right to manage the currency that it had to give to Mr. Harding the right to regulate the tariffs. It is true that the authority exercised by Mr. Roosevelt in closing the banks of the country, appointing conservators, and in general adding to the control over the banking situation possessed by the Federal government, had never been granted before. There is no paragraph in the Constitution specifically supporting the right of Congress to delegate that authority. But the courts seem to have sustained in the past the authority for what is being done in the present.

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Acting under these same provisions of the Constitution, and possibly under the further provision which gives to Congress the sole authority to appropriate money, Congress gave to Mr. Hoover, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the power to act as banker for Big Business. In order to round out the program by the act of May 12, 1933, it authorized Mr. Roosevelt to come to the rescue of distressed farmers in refinancing the loans upon their farms. On June 10, 1933, this governmental aid was also extended to the insurance companies, and three days later the small home owners were drawn under the government's tax-feathered wing. These are departures from previous procedure beyond a question. No direct authorization for them may be found in the Constitution. But the addition of Hamilton's implied powers to McKinley's established right to act as a congressional agent and the emergency doctrine accepted by the Supreme Court under President Wilson seems to add up to the authority Mr. Roosevelt needed. The Constitution has not been violated. It has merely been walked around.

The decision by a five to four vote of the Supreme Court during the World War that an emergency may supersede the constitutional protection promised the citizens will no doubt be offered by the government in its defense of the suit brought by Frederick Barber Campbell, the New York attorney who has attacked the constitutionality of the executive order forbidding the hoarding of gold. In his suit he has declared that the President's order violates the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits the taking of property without "due process of law." Due process of law is a hearing by jury. He has also argued that "the Constitution does not confer power to legislate a suspension of constitutional guarantees." It is apparent that Mr. Campbell stands upon the ground first stated by Chief Justice Marshall in 1803 and supported later by Justice Davis in the Milligan case. For years their decisions were unchallenged as an expression of the views of the framers of the Constitution.

The demonetization of gold and the assertion of the right of the Federal government to extend its control over the banking situation may have been the most sensational incidents of the New Deal, but it may be that other phases of the program will have a longer reach. Every industry in the country has been, or is being brought, under the governance of the NRA. Codes of fair practice have been promulgated. Mine owners are being told what they must pay and how long they may work their men. Department store officials are being ordered to do this

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and accept that. Even the greasy little man who owns a short order restaurant must see to it that the bacon and eggs are fried by the NRA code.

At first glance these things seem to be in absolute defiance of the provisions of the Constitution which declare that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce between the states and with the Indian tribes and that all powers, not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people. That seems clear enough. Congress shall regulate commerce between the states. Interstate commerce. The states shall each regulate commerce within their individual borders. Intrastate commerce.

Officials insisted that Congress had broken down this constitutional barrier in the legislation which appeared in the Supreme Court as McKnight, 156 U S 1, and failed. A law had been passed forbidding certain sugar refineries in Pennsylvania to combine on the ground that such combination would interfere with interstate commerce. The court held that the manufacture of sugar was an operation completed wholly within the state and that it had nothing to do with interstate commerce, the control being wholly in the hands of the state of Pennsylvania. This principle was reaffirmed in the Hopkins case, 171 U S 578, in which certain commission agents in Chicago were allowed to combine as they wished. Their refusal to do business with merchants not members of their association was not subject to the control of the Federal government.

The principle had been established, apparently. The presumed intention of the framers had been supported. There were a score of related decisions to the same effect. In the plainest possible words the Supreme Court maintained that the Federal government had no constitutional power to interfere with commerce carried on wholly within a state. Then the Interstate Commerce Commission went to the court with the famous Shreveport case. Certain railroads were charging freight rates inside the border of the state of Texas which, said the I C C, were unduly burdensome upon interstate commerce. This view was upheld by the Supreme Court, and the provision of the Constitution as previously accepted had been walked around. On this newly found principle and the doctrine of emergencies as laid down in the rent cases during the World War, the National Recovery Act and the Agricultural Adjustment Act have been built. If a railroad rate inside a state interferes with interstate commerce, it must be plain, runs the argument of the defenders of the New Deal, that the wages paid miners and fish cooks must likewise be considered from this broader point of view. The new doctrine had previously been offered in the court's decision in the lottery cases, which granted to Congress the right to regulate the transmission of such instruments of the devil between the states.

There is no question that Congress has the right to regulate the carrying of the mail, and under that authority it has provided that no stocks or bonds may be issued or sold unless registered by the Federal Trade Commission in Washington after certain information has been filed with it. The law has travelled far in the days which have elapsed since the framing of the Constitution. In that simpler period the rule was "let the buyer beware," but commerce was confined to a comparatively few articles then. The buyer of a mule presumably knew how to guess at his age and disposition. Lumber from Maine was traded for West Indian molasses which was made into rum in New England and traded for slaves in Africa. The buyer was familiar with the things he bought. Nowadays even a hard-boiled business man may have difficulty in knowing the exact value of a bond issued by a foreign state and offered for sale here.

Somewhat heavier ground is traversed by the New Deal in the acts which have been planned to give relief to farmers. The President has been empowered to confer upon the Secretary of Agriculture the authority to take certain steps. Under the doctrine that Congress has the authority to delegate its powers no objection may be found to this. But the action of the Secretary of Agriculture goes farther. In the effort to make farming more productive financially, marketing agreements have been devised and a reduction in crop acreage is to be paid for by the acre. Some one must pay for these benefits, and insofar as the payment is taken directly from the Federal Treasury nothing can be done about it.

The Supreme Court has held that in compliance with the constitutional provision Congress has the sole right to appropriate money. The reason for the appropriation seemingly does not enter into the argument. If Congress wished to order the commanders of our warships to scatter millions of dollars on the waves they could not be legally estopped. This seems to have been established by the Supreme Court in the case of Massachusetts v. Mellon, in which the state of Massachusetts and a man named Frothingham objected to the payment of a quarter of a million dollars annually by the government to instruct wives in the art of child bearing. The court ruled that there was no authority for an individual, or even for a state, to question this grant in the courts.

But not all the money to be given to the farmers is to be taken directly from the Treasury. The so-called processing taxes are paid by the initial purchasers of farm commodities and are passed on by them to the consumer. Taken as a whole these processing taxes amount to approximately one third of the market price. An evasion of the constitutional provision that only Congress shall appropriate money seems to have been devised. The processor pays the processing tax to the farmer. He pays cheerfully because he will pass it on to the consumer. It is admittedly class legislation, for it is a levy upon the pocket-book of the consumer for the benefit of the wheat and cotton grower. But what to do about it? The farmer certainly will not complain. The processor is indifferent. To him it means only that wheat costs more money. But he gets it back when he sells his flour. The ultimate consumer is in no position to go to court. It is true that he pays more for a barrel of flour but, after all, he is buying the flour and nothing is said of the tax part of the purchase price. If a complainant could find a foothold he might be able to attack the processing tax. But there is no place for the sole of his foot. He is in a worse fix than Noah's dove. The processing tax seems to be covered by the emergency doctrine and by Chief Justice Marshall's ruling that Congress is empowered to perform its high duties in the manner most beneficial to the people. The framers of the Constitution did not contemplate such extensive national philanthropy, perhaps. But who is to say that it is unconstitutional?

At first glance the provision of the law giving to the NRA the right to impose a license to do business upon the industrialist or the distributor of farm products seems a

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trifle shaky in its constitutionality. If a paragraph giving that authority had been incorporated in the Constitution it is probable that the embattled farmers and manufacturers would have made a finer show against the framers than they did at Bunker Hill. But it is apparent that those who have signed the codes have entered into a contract with the government. That contract would no doubt be sustained by the courts. Only those who do not sign would have a valid cause of action if the NRA were to order them to take out a license, or get out of business. At the time of writing, the NRA has not attempted to compel any recalcitrant to get a license. Yet under the Shreveport decision it might well be that the Supreme Court would hold that a manufacturer must obey the code in spirit and letter if he is engaged in interstate business. Under that decision interstate business seems to be any form of business which in its operation affects the same line of enterprise conducted in another state. A man who makes rayon ribbons in Louisiana would be debarred from selling those ribbons if he were able to put them on the market at a lower cost than the man who makes rayon ribbons in West Virginia. That seems clear enough. The Shreveport blanket covers every bedfellow.

It is true that Henry Ford has not yet accepted the code which governs the making of automobiles. But the wary Mr. Ford seems to have the NRA on the end of a thin and shaking limb. He is notoriously paying higher wages than the code requires. If he were proceeded against it would not be because of any failure in working conditions, or the rules for fair competition, but solely on the ground of *lèse majesté*. If General Johnson were to order him to close down his factories until he signed the code, and Mr. Ford would close them down—and no one doubts that he would close them down—forty or fifty thousand men would be thrown out of jobs. That is too high a price to pay for pleasure.

It may be that the constitutionality of the statute giving to the NRA the power to enforce its coercive measures upon manufactures which are wholly intrastate cannot be sustained. There is, on the other hand, a device in the hands of the Supreme Court which permits that body to permit an existing condition to go on existing without passing on the constitutionality of the law. Shortly after the Civil War a military government was set up in Mississippi in defiance of the constitutional provision that "the United States shall guarantee to every state in the Union a Republican form of government." Mississippi tried to get rid of the carpet baggers by a case tried in the Supreme Court, in which that tribunal was asked to enjoin President Johnson from carrying out the provisions of the law. There could be no question, of course, that a military government is anything but the Republican form of government provided for in the Constitution.

"This court," was the ruling of the Supreme Court in effect, "has no jurisdiction to enjoin the President in the performance of his official duties."

Georgia then joined Mississippi in an attempt to enjoin Secretary of War Stanton and General Grant from enforcing the law under which the military government had been created. Again the Supreme Court side-stepped. It did not assert that it had no right to enjoin these subordinates, but it set up the claim that the case called for an adjudication on rights of a political character and that it had no jurisdiction over such a controversy. The intrastate manufacturer in trouble with the NRA might find himself up against this wall. Not long ago, the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia was asked by a milk dealer to enjoin the Secretary of Agriculture from carrying out the milk marketing agreement and licensing provision in the Chicago Milk Shed Area and the court had recourse to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Mississippi case:

"We have no power to enjoin the Secretary of Agriculture, as an agent of the President, from carrying out his directions."

Similar refusals to act have been reported from the United States District Court of the Northern District of California in a case affecting the peach canning industry, and an United States District Court in Texas has taken the same position on a complaint made by oil producers. The lower courts, too, may have held that the emergency doctrine covers the case inasmuch as we are in an emergency no less vital than that of war.

The conclusion seems to be warranted that legislation is no longer to be penned inside a strict constitutional barrier. Anything may be done—the history of the past seems to support that rather sweeping statement—which seems to make toward the common good. If the legislation proves to be unwise, ruinous, in favor of one class against another, unfair, half-baked, it can be undone either by the courts or by the legislature itself. But what seems to be a definite constitutional prohibition can be gotten around. The process is by no means a new one, for it has been going on ever since Alexander Hamilton found the "implied" powers which permitted the creation of a national bank of issue.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, granting civil rights to the Negro, is notoriously evaded by various devices in certain southern states. The Constitution holds that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other state." But the Supreme Court has upheld the refusal of one state to give full faith and credit to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of other states, notably in the matter of divorces. A citizen may be a divorced man in one state, married in another and of indetermined status in others. The state that seeks to extradite a runaway criminal may fail in its effort because the Supreme Court has ruled that extradition demands should be granted but that it has no power to compel the obedience of the refusing state. The list might be extended.

The Constitution is still there, on the other side of the fence from the road on which we are today traveling. Just as good as new. It is still the most magnificent instrument ever framed by man. It bids fair to remain in its present condition, for it isn't being touched. For years we have been walking around it. When I was a youngster out in Casper, Wyoming, Buck Lewis one night got into a game of stud poker with Old Man Marsh. He seemed petulant and uneasy. Finally he said angrily:

"You dealt that card off'n the bottom."

Old Man Marsh shoved back slightly from the rim of the table. "That's the way we always deal 'em," he said, "in Casper."

Buck Lewis studied the situation for a moment. Then he said heartily, "That's all right, then—if that's the way you deal 'em in Casper."

It looks as though we are playing according to Casper rules.

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Men of Action

What is to become of our favorite men of action after Repeal? After the Senate investigates them? An appraisal of the character and cunning of these men, which warns of their survival, is made by Joseph Driscoll, one of New York's best police and crime reporters and author of "Dock Walloper."

By Joseph Driscoll

FOR years communists, anarchists and nihilists have talked of the virtues of direct action, but the real practitioners of direct action are our own American-bred gentlemen of the rackets. By direct action they have risen to their present eminence, and by the same they will do or die in the coming post-prohibition struggle for power. As long as they have a bomb, or a machine gun left, our racketeers will continue their offensive against the country's dreamers and dawdlers, the public and the public officials.

In a land of sentimental misconceptions and myths, our gang gentry have distinguished themselves as super-realists. They know what they want, and they take it, and that's that. Until we understand their personalities and their methods, we are helpless to cope with their unrestrained efficiency. It is time to stop regarding gangsters as boogey men or tabloid heroes, and to study them for what they are—successful, hard-as-nails business men who, in common with most business men, think that the end justifies the means, but who, unlike the more timid souls engaged in commerce, practice what they preach.

The personalities of our representative racketeers are especially interesting insofar as they reflect heredity, environment and strange ambitions and ruthless deeds by which the ambitions are realized. In studying the racket breed, there is no necessity to attach either synthetic glamor or false indignation to their goings-on. A racketeer can be a racketeer without resembling a movie idol or a monster, although some lean toward monsterdom.

A fact to be noted is that, with one or two exceptions, the pattern of our racketeers' lives follows the accepted Horatio Alger tradition—Poor boy; no early advantages; takes his chances in the Big City; by dint of serious application to his tasks waxes rich; becomes renowned. Substitute the modern bootlegger for Alger's bootblack, and the gun moll for the sweet choir girl, and the Algerian outline is complete. Perhaps, if dear Mr. Alger were with us today, he would be writing underworld epics. Instead of "Sink or Swim," we might have "Squeal and Be Shot, You Dirty Rat-a-Tat-Tat."

In this age of autobiography, we have had the frank life stories of bankers and statesmen and dock wallopers, but our gentlemen of rackets, upon advice of counsel, have refrained from trusting their whimsies and deeds to paper which might prove incriminating evidence. Nevertheless, our direct actionists are worthy of the thoughtful writing customarily accorded to people who have succeeded in their chosen profession.

Without further fuss, let us now put the racket specimens on the operating table, and take them apart and find out what makes them tick:

ALPHONSE CAPONE. *Our First Gangster.* A natural leader of men. A master salesman. A genius at organizing and consolidating. Would have gone far in Wall Street. If he had stayed in New York, he would have merged Owney Madden, Waxey Gordon, Dutch Schultz and Augie Pisano into one syndicate—or died in the attempt.

Mr. Capone is a product of the slums. Born in Brooklyn; parents were poor and presumably honest Neapolitan immigrants. Drafted during World War, he learned machine gun technique that afterward proved valuable in civil pursuits. Capone is called Scarface Al because of scars on left cheek — bayonet wounds, Capone explains, but others blame flying beer bottles.

A roly-poly young fellow, Capone looks like an overstuffed capon. He was a Five Points gangster and dance-hall bouncer in New York until he moved to Chicago at the dawn of prohibition. Showed versatility at all rackets: hard liquor, high-powered beer, gambling establishments, disorderly houses, dog tracks and labor unions.

A big money man is he. Profits of Capone gang exceeded $75,000 a month, and Capone accumulated $20,000,000, according to government investigators. Sprinkle salt on these figures and divide by five, and you still see a lot of lucre.

Alphonse Capone is a paradox of barbaric cruelty and oafish tenderness. For his friends he dons an apron and cooks spaghetti; his enemies he rubs out with Napoleonic nonchalance.

Ruthlessness and good humor run riot in Capone, but never both at the same time. His wit would make him a welcome toastmaster at Kiwanis luncheons; his intolerance would compel him to bump off those listeners

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who laughed at the wrong time. A man of sure instincts, but scant imagination. He acts impulsively without detailed planning. Has been known to blunder, but, like a doctor, he buries his mistakes. Can't bear competitors or traitors; rewards loyalists with diamond belt buckles.

Suspected of several score murders, Capone has been convicted only of toting a pistol and cheating Uncle Sam of income tax. Served a year in jail in Philadelphia, at his own request, and is now in his second year at Atlanta where he is teacher's pet. Has eight more years to go, but good behavior and political influence should help him out. In the meantime he receives visitors and heavy mail and keeps in close touch with his Chicago interests; so close that he has been indicted for conspiracy to fix prices in the fields of soft drink, dyeing and cleaning, laundry and linen supply. Not even a prison number (40,886) and a gray denim uniform can submerge this business personality.

Mr. Capone is good at epigrams. He will be remembered for:

"They've blamed everything on me but the Chicago fire."

"Newspaper men have ice water in their veins."

"Once in the racket, you're always in it."

"I want peace and I'm willing to live and let live."

"I don't want to die, shot down in the street like an animal."

"I have a wife and a boy that I idolize."

MURRAY LEWELLYN HUMPHRIES. Fancy a gangster with a triple-decker monicker like that. He hasn't a nickname to soften the blow. But he's as competent a gunman as any guy labeled "Spike" or "Doggie" could be.

Mr. Humphries comes of good old Anglo-Saxon stock. The black sheep of a respectable family, he is in his early thirties, good-looking and a neat dresser. When Capone had to go away to Atlanta for a little while, Humphries succeeded Scarface Al as front man and mouthpiece for the gang in Chicago. As such he became Public Enemy No. 1 on the police list.

A youthful desire for easy money and excitement put him where he is. His aggressive labors as union business agent and slugger brought him to the attention of the Capone mob which dominated Chicago's South Side, but was having trouble in the North Side with an upstart outfit headed by Mr. Bugs Moran. Humphries was assigned to exterminate Bugs' Army and he executed his job with such dispatch that Moran found himself a gangless gang leader, exiled to Wisconsin.

Filling the Capone shoes has not been easy. With the great Al imprisoned, the gang lost prestige, and when beer was legalized the gangsters concentrated on food and labor rackets, drawing a heap of indictments down upon their heads. Charged with conspiracy and with income tax evasion, and convicted of carrying a concealed weapon, Humphries "took it on the lam," became a fugitive from justice. He never wanted to be a gang chieftain, anyway; he values his life.

Humphries lacks Capone's flair for publicity. Capone talked too much anyway, his colleagues felt. Humphries is more discreet. He breaks his silence occasionally to insist that he is somebody else.

IRVING WECHSLER. In business as Irving Wexler, alias Waxey Gordon. Most acquisitive of racketeers. Has the Midas touch. Owns breweries, hotels and shows. Least liked and most feared of current Broadway bad boys. Pudgy, porcine, powerful.

Mr. Wechsler is a middle-aged problem child, a graduate of New York's East Side ghetto. His nickname of Waxey is a corruption of Wechsler and a tribute to his slipperyness. Leaving school at an early age, he went to work picking pockets, and before he learned the ropes, he saw the inside of reformatories. His long criminal record is significant as showing he was punished while an unimportant thief and that he enjoyed immunity when he became a major menace with ample funds to spread where it would do the most good.

As a member of Dopey Benny Fein's gang, he acted as strongarm escort for striking garment workers. He was tried for murdering an innocent bystander, and was acquitted.

Before prohibition, he was in the laundry racket. Then he opened two real estate offices in Times Square, importing and distributing realty in case lots. With the profits, he bought half a dozen outlaw breweries in Newark and New York. When beer was legalized, Wechsler pulled strings and got government permits for his plants. He is not particular where his money goes, so long as it brings huge returns.

He is an able business man, and his outstanding characteristic is greed.

The man has a weakness for shows and showgirls. He has been the angel for several Broadway musical comedies, the latest being "Strike Me Pink," starring Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez and Hope Williams. He invested $200,000 in that production, and when Hollywood was reluctant to lend Durante's services, the angel's helpers threatened to kidnap the comedian. Fortunately, Hollywood came across. During a performance Wechsler stands in the wings, watching his girls, and counting the house.

Life has been good to Wechsler, and yet he longs for a polish and refinement that can never be his. His own education having been gained in prison, he considers nothing too good for his son and heir; sends him to military school and gives him horses for Central Park gallops.

Wechsler is one gangster who reads books, or at least buys books. In quest of culture, he expended $2,200 for a combination bookcase and bar for his town house.

This Croesus of racketdom lives in simple style with his wife, son and daughter in a $6,000-a-year West End Avenue apartment, containing ten rooms, four baths and four servants. Also has a summer home at Bradley Beach, N. J. His suits are made by Al Capone's New York tailor at $225 a suit, and he buys twelve suits of silk underwear at a time at $10 the suit. He had net income totaling $1,616,690 during 1930-1931, according to an indictment for tax evasion recently slapped against him. There can be no doubt that he is an authentic Big Shot.

Since Wechsler was indicted, witnesses against him have been turning up in ditches, silenced by bullets. Wechsler should consider himself lucky if convicted and sent away to a safe prison *a la Capone.*

Waxey is on the spot himself and knows it.

MAX HOFF. Boo Boo to you. Philadelphia's favorite boogey man. In the hey-day of Pre-Repeal Philadelphia claimed its liquor traffic catered to more of the United States than did New York, but that may have been an excess of civic pride. A special grand jury reported of Mr. Hoff:

"Unquestionably one of the leaders of the liquor organization in this city."

But the grand jury did NOT indict.

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Hoff has less to fear from the courts than from unfriendly gang torpedoes. He wears bullet-proof vests. Buys the vests in wholesale lots and makes presents of them to his friends who might need them. The soul of generosity. Gives turkeys to cops at Christmas, and at other times is said to pay the police to forget certain things and to escort his alcohol trucks.

Boo Boo was a pal of the late Max Hassel, brewer of Reading, Lancaster and other Pennsylvania points. Hassel (until shortly before he was slain) was a pal of Waxey Gordon, of Newark and Broadway, who was a business associate of Owney Madden, of Manhattan, who is respected by Johnny Torrio, of Brooklyn and Chicago, who gave Al Capone his start in the Windy City. To complete the circle, Boo Boo has entertained Capone in Philly. Thus we see the system of interlocking directorates which rules our rackets. It's rule or ruin with them, and when pals fall out, the fireworks begin.

A diminutive, shrinking violet, Hoff is not a one-racket man. When liquor is legalized, he can still be a politician and boxing promoter. He was both when he chiseled in on the Philadelphia bout in which Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey for the world's heavyweight championship. In a suit based on a mysterious deal on the eve of that battle, Hoff sought to collect a fifth of Tunney's ring earnings, but Tunney won out by disowning the Boo Boos of pugilism. It's men like Hoff who force boxers like Tunney to write for a living.

WILLIAM LILLIEN. This New Jerseyite and his slain brother, Alex, were known as master smugglers, but perhaps their greatest contribution has been in the field of wireless communications. Their radio rendered Rum Row obsolete. Their syndicate operated a chain of wildcat radio stations along the New Jersey and Long Island shores, and had large vessels bringing liquor from Canada and Europe and snippety speedboats which met the mother ships and lightened their wet cargo. Being in constant communication with the land forces and advised of coast guard movements, the rum boats darted in and out without detection. Thus the stationary, easily watched Rum Row was killed by the march of science.

The syndicate enjoyed priceless advice from lawyers and bankers. Banks were supposed to have financed its operations, and a story is told of the syndicate directors holding their sessions in the director's room of an important bank. The radio headquarters were in a fortress-like mansion at Highlands, N. J., formerly owned by Oscar Hammerstein, jr., the theatrical producer. The Government charges that the syndicate took in $2,000,000 in six months. Since Alex Lillien was murdered in the gloomy mansion, brother William has not been happy.

The rum radio code referred to wet goods as "potatoes" and "bananas," and to the law as "Tom Mix."

HARRY FLEISCHER. Leader of Detroit's Purple Gang, he was sought for months in the kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, jr. When he finally surrendered, there was no evidence to hold him in that case, although other charges were not lacking.

Fleischer is a product of Detroit's ghetto. His gang was one of the first to kidnap bootleggers, bookmakers and other underworld frosting who were easy victims of the ransom racket because being lawbreakers themselves, they were in no position to complain to the authorities. From this, the gangs branched out until they were abducting respectable men, also women and children.

HENRY SHAPIRO. A lesser member of the Purple Gang whose sole distinction was that he put himself on the spot. A gunman for years, he feared retribution, and so he committed suicide, setting a precedent for all on-the-spot men.

WILLIAM P. COLBECK. St. Louis' pride and joy. Born into a God-fearing family, he served his country as a soldier and his community as a plumber. Then politics tempted him and he became a city committeeman and boss of the booze and gambling rackets. Had he a larger field to work in, he might have excelled Capone. His gang, the Egan's Rats, sent trained alumni to the underworlds of Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland. Colbeck and his lieutenants happen to be in prison at the moment because they added hold-ups to their activities and made the mistake of tinkering with the mails. Now he and Capone are buddies at Atlanta. Capone likes spaghetti; Colbeck's favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage—hence his nickname of Dinty.

CARL SHELTON. Patriarch of the Shelton Brothers gang, Southern Illinois country boys who made good in a larger sphere of usefulness, East St. Louis. Convicted of mail robbery and barely squirming out of it, they concentrated on liquor, gambling and such without hindrance. They have not announced their plans after repeal.

GEORGE MORAN. Mr. Bugs is a lucky fella; no metal can touch him. His Moran-O'Bannion-Weiss-Drucci-Zuta-Aiello gang was shot from under him in a fierce vendetta with the Capone South Siders, but Moran still lives to hunt ducks and to wisecrack.

Bugs is the General Custer of Chicago gangdom. Unlike the valiant General, Bugs has escaped scalping. His Little Big Horn was a public garage. He is haunted by the memory of that St. Valentine's Day when seven of his men were lined up against the wall of the garage and were executed by a firing squad of four men, two of them in police uniforms. That slaughter was the greatest in point of numbers and the most cold-blooded in all Chicago's gory history. The garage was a distributing point for beer and alcohol that the Moran gang wished upon North Side speakeasies.

Affable, oversized, Moran served three prison terms before he got smart. He was questioned in the murder of Jake Lingle, *the reporter who knew too much.*

"Who killed Lingle? Santa Claus, I'd say," wise-cracked Moran.

When Capone swiped his lieutenants and customers, Moran retired to the life of a country gentleman at his Wisconsin estate. Wearing high boots, leather jacket and carrying a shotgun, he is prepared to meet ducks, or Capones. He sleeps with a pistol under his pillow.

He made a comeback in Chicago as head of cleaning and dyeing industry. Also dabbles in stocks. Arrested for vagrancy, he won acquittal on the ground that no man who owns 100,000 acres of Florida land and 56 shares of A. T. & T. could be a vagrant.

His philosophy: "I never accused anybody of anything in my life. I never made peace with anybody that fought me."

Explaining his fondness for shotguns, Bugs says: "I am a lover of outdoor sports."

ARTHUR FLEGENHEIMER. This Bronx (N. Y.) beer baron, better known as Dutch Schultz, had

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his promising career interrupted by 3.2 beer and income tax trouble. With gangsters dying all around him or being interned in Atlanta, Mr. Flegenheimer went away to parts unknown for the sake of his health. He always takes it on the lam when bullets or indictments whiz about his homely head. His discretion has kept him alive where more valorous hoodlums have had gorgeous funerals. Yet he is a genuine big shot; government officials rated his gross income at $1,500,000 a year, derived from beer, narcotics, slot machines and the Harlem policy games.

Herr Flegenheimer is a swaggering, bull-necked, bashed-nose young fellow who chews tobacco, splits his infinitives, goes in for double negatives and wears oyster-colored caps with powder blue suits. Police regard him as a dangerous man with a gun, but not noticeably courageous when disarmed, and they recall that after one shooting scrape with detectives he was just a bundle of nerves and begged them for a sedative.

Historians of the Bronx beer trade record that Schultz entered the racket in a humble position, starting as bottle washer and working his way up through the grades of truck loader and driver, collector and gunman, attaining leadership through the violent deaths of Legs Diamond, Vincent Coll and others who blocked his path. Flegenheimer is a competent executive; does not take all details upon his own shoulders, but delegates them to trusty, straight-shooting subordinates. His weaknesses are women and rye.

For reasons of his own, the beer boss detests his family name of Flegenheimer, preferring Schultz—it fits easier into a headline. As a callow lad, he served a term for housebreaking, but since then he has been arrested many times on charges ranging from larceny to homicide and invariably has been turned loose. Flegenheimer says he is a victim of police persecution, but the evidence seems to be to the contrary. Once a desk sergeant obligingly lost a package of evidence against his policy game collectors; another time the police gave $18,645 back to Flegenheimer, although the Federal authorities had a lien against the money. His political connections are such that he obtained a pistol permit and honorary appointment as deputy sheriff, despite his criminal record.

Behind Flegenheimer, backing him with dollars and sense, observers glimpse the shadowy figure of John Torrio, who preceded Al Capone as Chicago's underworld monarch, and who in recent years has been in semi-retirement in Brooklyn. Without Torrio or some one of equal sagacity to guide him, Flegenheimer hardly would have risen above bottle-washing.

WILLIAM J. DUFFY. Big Bill owns a large piece (a share) in the earnings of his very large protege, Primo Carnera, heavyweight boxing champion of the world (by courtesy of Jack Sharkey.) When the mountainous Venetian came to this country to exhibit his great strength and puny skill, Duffy took charge as manager, trainer and second and directed the barnstorming tour in which Carnera bowled over one set-up after another, winning glory for himself and money for his management.

Mr. Duffy is an inspiration to all second-story workers, who wonder what to do upon quitting prison. A black-browed, stone-jawed Irishman who started life crudely, Duffy acquired polish and perception while doing a bit in Sing Sing. He rose to head of the prison's mutual welfare league and then built up a patronage system which still functions. Any man with Duffy's endorsement is the better for it in prison, and when he comes out it is to Duffy that he looks for employment or references. His fatherly advice and encouragement has saved many a burglar for a better racket.

"Big Bill" is a patron of the fine arts. Aside from possessing Carnera, who is a complete Alpine landscape by himself, Mr. Duffy took over an illustrious New York chophouse, renamed it Ye Olde English Tavern, made its bar a rendezvous for artists and writers. Even prohibition agents like Big Bill. When they had to raid the premises, they compelled patrons to pay for their steaks and chops before fleeing into the night.

When not on tour or swinging a towel in the prize ring, Duffy lives on Long Island with his wife and children. All successful racketeers are good family men. There's a moral there.

WILLIAM VINCENT DWYER. This "Big Bill" has been called entrepreneur of bootleggers, commodore of the wet navy and, of course, king of rum runners. If any man ever deserved kingship, Dwyer did. He operated in the grand manner in the years when Rum Row stretched invitingly along the Atlantic coast, first at the three-mile limit and later at the twelve-mile mark. He also owned the best brewery in town.

Mr. Dwyer was the backbone of Rum Row. With coast guard men and police in his pay, with his fleet of eighteen ocean steamships and his swarm of speedboats, Dwyer brought $40,000,000 worth of liquor into the United States. For penance he passed a year and a half at Atlanta. Stomach ulcers earned him a parole.

Big Bill is a business-like, bespectacled man of middle age, mild and shy, who speaks softly out of the southwest corner of his mouth. He is the most decent and honest of all who engaged in the liquor racket. His friends say it is unfair to dub him a racketeer; they point out that he was never a gangster, that he was engaged in legitimate business before prohibition, and will be after prohibition. A group of big financiers, knowing Dwyer as a man of honor, backed him in his liquor importing.

A discerning biographer contends that Dwyer did more to bring about repeal than any statesman ever achieved by mere words; in the dark, dry years the Dwyer direct action not only slaked thirsts, but kept alive the American tradition of revolt against tyrannical laws. Therefore, we are told, the Dwyers must be revered as patriots and martyrs to the cause rather than as crass commercialists.

Moreover, William V. is a sportsman. He has a racing stable, owns race tracks in Florida, Ohio and Canada, is proprietor of a hockey club and had a professional football team for a time. He pioneered in professionalizing hockey. He mingles with the 600 Millionaires at Madison Square Garden, and has more money than most of them. He has salted away considerable coin, and would have much more were it not for his generosity to lawyers and panhandlers. Devoted to his wife and children, he has a Long Island estate with spacious lawns, alert police dogs. He provides an automobile for every member of the family.

He has done well for a boy who was reared along the Chelsea docks and chopped tickets at the Grand Opera House before the golden sun of prohibition awakened his ambition. Yet, biting the hand that fed him, he says:

"I wish I had never seen a case of whisky."

Mr. Dwyer avoids publicity, except

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on his sport activities. "Let the others talk themselves to death," he says.

OWEN VICTOR MADDEN. Known to his familiars as Owney, a Liverpool cockney with an eagle-like profile, steely blue eyes, chalky complexion, fine clothes and open purse. He has attained the distinction of inspiring a book, being the lively original of Knucks McGloin of *"Rackety-Rax."*

Brought to this country by his parents when he was eleven, Madden, at eighteen, was leader of the Gopher Gang in Hell's Kitchen, New York, which makes him one of the last of the old-time gang leaders who used fists and dornicks instead of machine-guns. As a youth, Owney had his troubles with the police, and the desk sergeants likened him to a "banty rooster out of hell."

Prohibition made Mr. Madden a master racketeer, as it did all intelligent gangsters. Owney is *intelligence plus.* He was late in discovering about prohibition as until 1923 he was doing time in Sing Sing on the theory that he had arranged the demise of Little Patsy Doyle, a rival gangster. Madden maintains that was one crime he was not guilty of, and he seems miffed that out of forty-odd arrests, he should be convicted on the wrong charge.

Paroled from prison on condition that he seek honest employment, Madden worked up interests in night clubs, breweries and boxers. He was associated with Big Bill Duffy in the Carnera trust, and with Big Bill Dwyer and Waxey Gordon in the Phoenix Brewery. Madden's No. 1 lager was the creamiest in town.

The spiteful press had Madden's parole revoked, but after spending another year in Sing Sing he is back on Broadway, with only income tax trouble to cloud his horizon. Having got religion in prison, he has turned over a new leaf and entered what he calls the real estate business.

Warden Lawes praised him as a good influence. As a racket kingpin, he is on the constructive side, opposed to useless murder. He has a temper, though, and can be aroused. Vincent Coll, the Mad Dog, who made a nuisance of himself kidnaping Broadway boys, was ambushed in a telephone booth a few blocks from the $5,000-a-year penthouse where Madden raises fancy pigeons. Owney likes pigeons; they mind their own business.

The philosophy of easy money was never better summed up than by Mr. Madden after he had invested his savings in a Brooklyn wet wash laundry and received nominal dividends.

"Legit rackets," he said scornfully, "there ain't no sense to 'em—you've got to wait for your dough."

JOHN TORRIO. Johnny to his friends—but who are his friends? The nearest approach to a commuting gangster. His is a crimson tale of two cities. From obscurity in Brooklyn, he flashed to power in Chicago with the aid of his apt scholar, Kid Capone, taken along for his machine-gun ability. Nearly fatally shot in 1925, Torrio abandoned his Illinois empire to Capone and sought peace in Italy, later sneaking back into Brooklyn and obscurity.

Now with Capone in prison, and many of his enemies under the sod, Torrio emerged again as head of a bail bond company in association with his latest protege, Dutch Schultz. Unfortunately, the company failed. What next?

ANTHONY CARFANO. Known for better or worse as Little Augie Pisano, a ghostly figure in Brooklyn's bad lands. Booze, slot machines, ponies and politics interest him strangely. Said to have supplied political clubhouses with bootleg beer. Was questioned in murders of Frankie Yale and Vannie Higgins, but has no prison record. A dapper dandy.

"I'm not what you think I am," says he, denying all rackets. He races a stable of twenty thoroughbreds at Saratoga and Florida tracks, and says the horses are his, not Capone's.

"Know Capone? Sure, but only in a social way. We grew up together."

ROGER TUOHY. A fat young man who heads the Tuohy Brothers gang which dared to challenge the Capone crowd in the liquor and labor rackets. Aside from the three Tuohy boys, the gang is made up mostly of ruralists recruited from as far away as Oklahoma. A prison record is a necessary qualification for membership. These plebian gangsters wear overalls and drive flivvers. They are too crude to last long. This year they took up the kidnaping racket, which is something no smart racketeer would touch.

RALPH CAPONE. Bottles, for short. Elder brother of Scarface Al. A case of nepotism. Never would have amounted to much on his own merits. Climbed on his brother's silk shirttail.

FRANK NITTI. Silent, elusive cousin of Capones. Secretary of finance in Capone cabinet. Served prison term for dodging tax on $742,000 income over three-year period.

Lost his faith in Chicago law when policeman shot him in the liver in a raid on his Loop office. Cop then shot self in left arm and cried out that Nitti shot him. Nitti's faith in American justice restored when he was acquitted and the cop was convicted of assault.

Mr. Nitti is getting old and sanctimonious.

"I have never committed a crime of moral turpitude," he protests. "I have never done anything condemned by society as morally wrong."

LOUIS POPE. Up in Westchester County, N. Y., Mr. Pope has a real estate office and automobile salesroom and gets written up now and then as a philanthropist who supplies food in abundance to the 100 most destitute cases in his community. At Christmas he impersonates Santa Claus and gives $1,000 to each of his many relatives. His luxuriously furnished farm house boasts a hand-carved staircase with a newel post containing a coat of arms.

But Mr. Pope is a bad man, according to such an authority as former Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, chairman of New York State's liquor board and a likely prospect for national liquor control administrator. Pope is not his right name, Commissioner Mulrooney says. The state board has barred him from the beer business as an undesirable. He was understood to have been interested in a Brooklyn brewery in the years when beer was beyond the pale, and rumor persists that he retains an under-cover equity in the business now that the government has whitewashed it with a permit to operate at a 3.2 frequency.

In Westchester Pope is a legendary figure. He has been arrested only once, although it appears to be common knowledge that he has a hand in supplying liquor throughout the suburban area. He was taken in custody in 1932 in connection with the seizure of $250,000 worth of liquor, a steam lighter, six trucks and four smaller automobiles at a Stamford, Conn. pier, but somehow the case against him was dis-

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missed, and he resumed the role of philanthropist.

WILLIAM O'DONNELL. Klondike is his nickname. He is boss of Chicago's O'Donnell beer clan. Headed old O'Donnell-Saltis bootlegging, murder and slugging combine. A veteran of the wars of 1920-33. A competent gunman.

JOHN WHITE. Three-Fingered Jack is one of Chicago's ranking public enemies. He and O'Donnell are helping Murray Lewellyn Humphries to fill Al Capone's shoes.

JOHN McGURN. Machine Gun Jack is his trade listing. Real name is Vincent Gabardi. Indicted as participant in the St. Valentine Day Massacre, he has developed a fondness for outdoor sports. His last arrest came as he was competing in the Western open golf tournament, and it threw him off his game.

JOSEPH WEINER. Former burglar who threw tools away and rose to boss of New York's kosher poultry trust, extorting two cents a pound from his co-religionists. Employed wrecking crew which included Charley Phil Rosenberg, former bantam boxing champion. Arrested for conspiracy, he peeled off $10,000 cash bail—nine $1,000 bills and two $500 bills.

JACOB MELLON. Red Jake, the snake-eyed head of the Brooklyn laundry racket. Washes politicians' clothes in exchange for their favors. Convicted of conspiracy, his sentence was suspended by a naive judge on the pretext such action would help the NRA. And then the judge wondered why the people laughed.

EMANUEL STREWL. Manny is Albany's example of a racketeer who should stick to his last. A bootlegger primarily, he got mixed up in the kidnaping of John J. O'Connell Jr., with unhappy results to all concerned.

Men in General

The foregoing personality sketches constitute a roll-call, a memorial service for the men of direct action, the gentlemen of the rackets, who prospered under prohibition and who (we hope) may not be with us much longer, certainly not in the same old style and at the same old stand. Through studying these representative racketeers and appraising their background and accomplishments, we may arrive at some understanding of how a racketeer is born, how he manages to get along in the world. Heredity, environment, education, ability, politics and public sentiment are factors in the problem.

We see that racketeers and gangsters are not confined to any one race or class. In racketdom you will find Anglo-Saxons and Celts, Latins, Teutons and Semites and every conceivable blood strain. There is no nationalism in crime, just rugged individualism. Many racketeers spring from respectable families, many more are crooked in the womb. A few, a very few, stem from the wealthy and educated class; the majority are slum products, children of the tenements, the street corners, pool-rooms, speakeasies and reformatories. Our slickest racketeers acquired their smoothness in prisons which, as the phrase-makers have it, are nothing but schools for crime.

Before prohibition beckoned, our modern racketeers were small-shots at pocket-picking, lush-rolling, porch-climbing, safe-cracking and other forms of misappropriation of property; likewise adept were they at slugging, strike-breaking and all around mayhem. We must remember that these avocations are always open to them; if our bootleggers can swallow their pride and return to their menial pursuits of yesteryear, repeal will not usher in the millennium.

Likewise available are some newer rackets that have not been repealed, such as bootlegging of gasoline to escape heavy taxes, a rapidly growing racket that costs the states millions of dollars. The idea of muscling into labor unions and trade associations is another racket spreading from coast to coast.

Right now the racketeer is passing through a period of stress and strain, and craves our sympathetic consideration. Prohibition which converted petty larcenists into what the headlines call millionaire booze barons is vanishing like a bad dream, and conceivably our big-shots may have to go back to purse-snatching or shop-lifting to support the wife and kiddies. The humiliation of all this can be imagined, for the liquor racketeer's prestige and social standing were perhaps even more precious to him than money.

However, the leaders of our old rackets are likely to be leaders of our new rackets, whatever form the new schemes will take. The quality of leadership will not long be denied expression. The rabble subjects in the rackets may starve or turn to honest work, but the kings will carry on.

After all, we've always had racketeering, and doubtlessly we always shall. Racketeering is a new word in the dictionaries, but the extortion and violence it stands for date back to the beginning of man and property. Therefore, let the text for today be: Words change, but conditions remain.

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Half-Truths for 30,000,000

By Cedric Fowler

The making of history is the unmaking of our text books. Cedric Fowler, who contributed to a recent issue of NEW OUTLOOK "The Crisis of the Ph.D.," reports upon an inquiry into the myriad of half-truths taught today as facts in schools.

MODERN education has progressed far beyond the three *R's* that our grandfathers studied. New subjects have been introduced that were not dreamed of in a simpler social system. History, civics, economics, science, politics, are all included in the modern curriculum, subjects which but for a single, glaring fault in their implementing should make for a broad introduction into the problems of life and labor that our school children will meet on graduation. We are trying to make citizens of the contemporary world rather than to turn out pupils who can do no more than read glibly, figure rapidly and enjoy a hastily scraped acquaintance with the classics and the more easily memorized dates of history. Children in school today are expected to know how their nation was formed, what social and economic forces go to make a people, how their own country takes its place in the stream of world movement. Science has taken an increasingly broader place in primary and secondary education. Economics has been brought down from the higher mystery level to the public school, and high school students (if they are interested) can recognize an economic trend when they see it—which is more than their elders could do at the same age. Education, after centuries of quiet muddling with the simplest outlines of knowledge, has widened its scope to include almost the whole of human activity.

This development has been a matter of the past twenty to thirty years. The youth of the gay 90's knew nothing about civics, and presumably cared less—his teacher never bothered him with the subject. History, beyond a standard glorification of our patriotic forefathers, was a closed book.

Geography meant capitals and states, the more prominent capes and islands, rivers, and a dreary list of "principal products." The ideal of educating the child to take a real place in adult life was not recognized. The old habit of learning isolated, and largely useless, facts by rote was still the limit of the standard educational method.

Few felt any lack in the school curriculum. Subjects considered now in every elementary and secondary school were not felt to be important. Social and economic trends were things for the cloistered theorizing of highbrows and professional social prophets, not for the classroom. America was the land of golden opportunity, and all a good citizen needed for a successful life was thrift, industry, shrewdness and a little luck. Even vocational training was almost unknown—the graduate acquired that in the school of experience outside the academic walls. He learned about life by living, with the scantiest minimum of preparation before. School pupils were children, and when they left school they were expected to become adults, with no attempt to graduate the step. It was a simpler world they entered on, and the introduction to it was elementary in time, effort and intellectual quality.

Life has become more complex for young Americans since the time of their fathers and grandfathers, and educational method has become more complex and more comprehensive with it. Schools today possess a technique for imparting a generous understanding of the modern social scene. "Dalton plan," "project method" and the "educational forum scheme" have penetrated, in however modified a form, to all but the most backward school systems. Educational leaders have developed the technical apparatus for teaching a knowledge of modern society in its full complexity and variety. The work of Dewey, Thorndike and a score of other authorities has liberated the schoolroom from its stuffy atmosphere, has made it possible for it to become an ante-room to adult life.

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In the light of the foregoing brief summary of this praiseworthy achievement in creating a system of education adapted to the needs of modern times, it is surprising to discover that *what is taught* today is out of date, out-moded and in many instances at complete variance, not only with the facts of adult life, but even with the facts of the life being lived by the pupil. The printed lesson which is put into the hands of our 30,000,000 students is in so many cases simply not what is currently accepted as essential truth that much of the large investment which has been made in our educational establishment is seriously jeopardized.

American teachers rely more on the use of texts than their colleagues elsewhere in the world.

The nation spends $50,000,000 on new works and new editions, nearly two per cent of the total educational cost. Publishers produce some 65,000,000 annually, an amount that offers two new copies per year to every child in our educational system. It is definitely a profit making enterprise, even in the field of free textbooks, and a best seller

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in this class will keep the royalties and the profits rolling in for years. New texts are launched mainly on speculation, for no central control or even objective survey of the field exists. Many hundreds of ventures fall by the wayside—the mortality is at least as high as in the production of novels. Publishers have complained that the field is chaotic, over-produced and frequently over-sold, but profits can be conjured from chaos and so far no attempt has been made at regulation.

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But more serious than manufacturing chaos is the fact that, barring a few brilliant exceptions, our textbooks are out of date. They have not kept pace with the advance in method that has taken American education, in the matter of technique, to a leading place in the school systems of the world. Not only are our textbooks backward, they are in many examples misrepresentative of the subjects they are designed to teach. The teacher required to instruct in the social, political and economic aspects of modern life is forced to rely on books that give him little assistance and often positive hindrance. The split between progressive curricula and inadequate texts often nullifies his efforts to teach an understanding of the modern world. And the result is apparent—our children are learning from their schoolbooks a social history and a social philosophy that is no longer valid.

Textbooks in economics are especially lagging. The philosophy and often the information of an era long past is dominant. For most textbook authors the progress of political science has apparently stopped with Adam Smith. America is still the land of *laissez-faire* and boundless opportunity that our forefathers knew. Unemployment, where it is mentioned, is considered a passing phase best cured by time, patience and perhaps the placing of the unemployed on the land. There is no widely used elementary text, either in economics or history, that considers the problem of business cycles as having a vital bearing upon the growth and development of our country. Even books revised or first published in 1932 and 1933 ignore or minimize the present Depression. One popular example gives it eight lines, and then finds immediate consolation in a footnote (of sixteen lines) on the world's largest office building and the visit of King Prajadhipok for an operation on his eyes—both American triumphs that far outweigh the setbacks of the present crisis! To the pupil whose father has been unemployed a year or more, this refusal to admit the fact of depression must appear strange, and if the child is sensitive, even callous. His teacher has no official guidance in attempting an explanation, either to outline present conditions, or to give some grasp of the necessary historical background. Whatever the child learns about the economic crisis must be gathered outside his school.

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Labor problems have been neglected in all but the most progressive texts, and where they are treated in a realistic and thorough manner frequently lay the author open to the fearsome charge of radicalism. Nothing excites a patriotic society quite so readily. Middle-aged gentlemen who specialize in the word of mouth protection of their country are particularly zealous in this form of national defense. The result has been an almost complete textbook timidity on the subject of labor history. The growth and organization of the unions is ignored. Labor problems that have led to important changes in law or government policy are omitted, or passed over so rapidly and sketchily that the student has no help in forming an understanding of the issues involved. Books devoted to the makers of America for the most part exclude labor leaders, even the most prominent and socially respectable. Labor problems today are headline news, yet there is nothing in the history texts to give them meaning. Any approach to a real understanding depends solely on the knowledge, frankness and interest of the individual teacher.

The present economic crisis has greatly increased interest in the problem of poor relief. Thousands of city children come from homes the sole support of which is the municipal relief system. Many thousands have been receiving help from their teachers, in the form of school lunches, clothing and even carfare for the desperately poor. But civics textbooks still in wide use make no mention of this problem in their chapters on city and county government. Relief of distress has been a major city issue for the past two years, surely time enough for the most conservative textbook writer to insert some comment in his latest revised edition. Federal participation in relief has been given slightly more attention, but here again the texts have failed to treat the question as fully as its importance demands. In the happy view of school civics writers, unemployment apparently looks after itself. Children from homes where depression has struck hard know better, but the knowledge does not come from their schoolbooks.

Vocational guidance, perhaps one of the greatest needs of our educational system today, is not mentioned in economics or civics textbooks. As far as school systems are concerned, the young citizen still finds his place in the world as luck and accident direct. No text in the social subjects has been thoughtful or honest enough to give serious consideration to the problem of finding the suitable job. This neglect is all the more astonishing in view of the attention that has been given to the question outside the textbook curriculum. The vocational guidance movement has become one of the most significant factors in modern social work. Bureaus have been set up in all the important cities. Most often these bureaus are connected with the public school systems, but so far their work has not affected the contents of the textbooks used in schools.

Textbook authors are apparently not aware of the necessity for any control, or counsel, in the selection of a job. School biographies of national heroes, especially those concerned with heroes of commerce and industry, emphasize merely individual characteristics. They tell our children that leaders are made solely by their personal merits, their bravery, industrious habits, cunning, luck. No attention is paid to the social forces that created the man, that placed him in his position and arranged events along lines which made it possible for him to become a leader. The constant implication is that any child, given similar virtues (which he can easily acquire if he will try hard enough) and similar chances, which are

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again generalized to include every child, can do the same. Everyone knows this is not true. It was never wholly true even in that ancient era most favorable to individual enterprise. The social system has changed so radically that even the most conservative mind has recognized the falsity of such an idea. Educational method has furnished the means to cope with the new condition, but our schoolbook authors have neglected their opportunity. Life seemingly moves too fast for them—which is a pity, in view of their influence on our children.

Nor do the civics texts give any adequate hint on what is happening to the scope and function of government today. The Constitution is described as an inviolable document whose perfection admits no need or possibility of change. Checks and balances, according to our schoolbook experts, keep our government eternally remote from the possibilities and dangers of single rule. The President is eternally a mere executive, with no real power over the formation or initiation of laws. Any picture of government as a growing organism, constantly subject to change in response to popular demand and new philosophies of the state, is missing. Increasing state control of industry, state participation in business, the approaching liquidation of local control in matters of social interest, are generally ignored. Civics texts are formal and rigid. Their definitions are dry and hard, and the student can find little basis for an understanding of the newer concepts of government.

The government's new function as mediator between labor and capital is overlooked. A text issued within the past few months makes no mention of the government's recognition of the right to collective bargaining. Surely this step, a distinct break from the philosophy of the past, is important enough to warrant comment. The Administration's industrial program is more prominent than any Federal program since the war, but the textbooks on government have done nothing to prepare the student's mind for the new developments. And at the present rate of textbook progress, the NRA will be laid away in its grave before our educators decide to consider it.

History texts are far behind the accepted opinions on world events, notably on problems of the war. Almost without exception, the belief in the exclusive guilt of Germany and her allies is still taught, even in texts written long after the publication of state documents has branded this theory as a myth. Very few give any indication that Europe in 1914 was an armed camp, each side merely waiting for the spark to set them off. The propaganda tone is kept up in the manner of a Liberty Loan four minute speaker. As far as school historians are concerned, the wounds of 1914 to 1918 should be kept open—surely a dangerous attitude in the present critical situation, when war seems again on the horizon. And they all solemnly repeat the ancient slogan of a war to end wars, to save the world for democracy; as though armaments and dictatorship had been banished forever by the victory of the Allies in 1918.

School histories throughout tend to emphasize military achievements rather than the achievements of peace. Histories of the 19th century give long, detailed analyses of the battles of the Civil War, for example, to the exclusion of careful accounts of the social, industrial and economic growth of the United States as a whole. Perhaps war, battles and the lives of leading generals make more fascinating reading, but a thorough investigation of the social forces that have created the present world would be of more value to the student who will eventually take his place in it. The world he meets on graduation will not be filled with the romance and glory of military combat. It will be a place where economic forces and industrial technique are dominant. Our history texts are not preparing the child for such a world.

History texts also tend to slight the 20th century, although America's most startling development has taken place largely since 1900. One text, perhaps the most advanced in its field, gives two hundred pages of a seven hundred total to an account of the last three decades. The remaining five hundred are devoted to problems and episodes of the previous century, many of which are closed chapters in our history. The older texts invariably contrive to give the impression that the 19th century somehow was better than the present, that the people were happier, purer and led more wholesome lives. A pietistic, and often misleading, attitude is allowed to prevail on national questions of the past. A background of illusion is frequently built up for the interpretation of present issues. It is not a healthy basis for an understanding of modern life.

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The treatment of foreign relations is among the least adequate in the history field. Our non-recognition of Russia is attributed to an inherent, American hatred of dictatorship, although we have not hesitated to recognize Fascist Italy and Hitlerite Germany. Trade advantage is not considered as a motive in our diplomacy. The impression given is one of constant altruism in our relations to South and Central America, although the past two years have seen the government's public disavowal of the policy of Caribbean intervention. No clue is given to the present Administration's attitude to Cuba, although there has plainly been a great change from our previous stand. Although the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, it coöperates in many scores of its activities. History textbooks, beyond an account of Wilson's attempt to bring us into membership, do not deal with the League in any comprehensive way.

The lag between textbook interpretation and the facts of life carries over into health and hygiene. Here the field has been left to moralists and puritans of the first water. Any serious attempt to teach an understanding of sex is lacking. The attitude to alcohol is the most markedly prejudiced. Lurid cuts show the evils of the most moderate use of drink, with the blackened and knobby liver of the drinker contrasted with the clean and shining organ of the total abstainer. Tobacco is almost as strongly condemned, one popular text making the astounding statement: "Any boy who smokes can never hope to succeed in *any* line of endeavor." Another states, as a proven fact, that all insanity, crime and poverty are largely accounted for by the use of alcohol, either by the immediate victim or by one of his ancestors. An older example still in wide use warns against tight lacing, high buttoned shoes and trailing skirts for young women—two fashions that must have gone from the memory of all but veteran teachers, to say nothing of the students. The Prohibition Amendment is universally praised, with all the pious hopes for prosperity and the end of crime that were held in 1919. A class in current events that finds Prohibition condemned in every newspaper and by sweeping votes in the Repeal movement must clash considerably with a class in hygiene.

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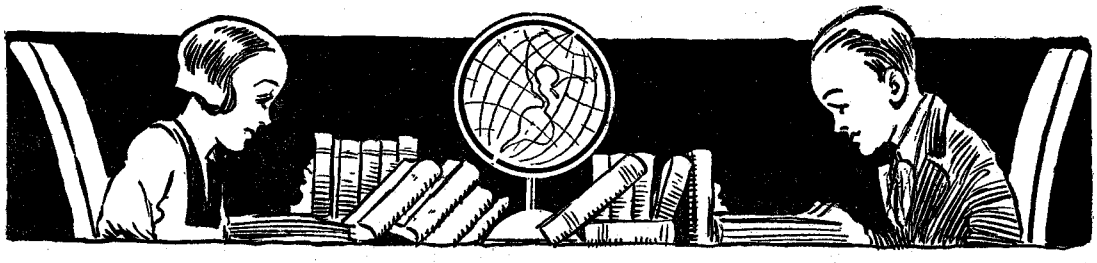
Arithmetic texts, which one might expect to be immune from criticism, are not designed for the modern world. Problems in money are stated in terms of a vanished era, chiefly concerned with bank interest, mortgage profits, dividend rates and similar adjuncts of an ancient prosperity. The imaginary heroes of the arithmetic problems invariably save from one half to one third of their income—which is a direct defiance of the Buy Now program. Their hours of work are a flagrant violation of the most conservative industrial code. Children of 1933 are asked to "play" at investing $10,000 in stocks and bonds, which pay interest at the rate of six, seven and even eight per cent! An arithmetic investment, it appears, never passes its dividend. One nationally used textbook goes so far as to give financial advice to the prospective bondholder, remarking that a city bond is the safest form of investment.

The philosophy of the elementary speller is even more quaint. Word and sentence examples preach a doctrine in the outworn tone of Poor Richard. "Some temptations come to the industrious, all temptations come to the idle" is a statement that puts unemployment in the category of sin. "If you want to succeed, save" is a doctrine that is rapidly becoming anti-social, but our spellers repeat it *ad nauseam*. "There is always room at the top" is surely an exploded notion, but children are required solemnly to copy it from teacher's dictation. Unremitting toil and self denial are the basic notes. Recreation, our latest national need, is frowned upon. The child who is incautious enough to take his speller's message seriously will find himself lamentably out of place in the modern world.

This general textbook inadequacy puts a severe handicap on the efforts of the most alert and progressive teacher. School children are like their elders; they tend to accept the printed word as gospel truth. Vocal explanation does not carry a tithe of the printed authority. And when the word of mouth teaching runs contrary to the facts set out in black and white, the division becomes critical. The validity of the teacher's message depends upon individual, unpredictable qualities. The authority of the text is fixed, an established quality that does not alter to meet changed conditions. Faith is greater in the printed word, and our teachers are forced to rely for the major part of their teaching on a textbook basis that is out of date. However well intentioned, they cannot keep pace with the modern world, for their educational materials hold them back. The result is an educational system that fails to equip its graduates for life as they will find it lived.

The advent of better textbooks is certain to be slow. Educational budgets are decreasing, and hard pressed school boards naturally decide to carry on with older equipment rather than sacrifice a more immediate need. The publishing business is first among the depressed industries, and is not capable of offering encouragement to textbook improvement. Funds for research to establish new textbook needs and purposes are lacking, as well as central educational authority to ensure the adoption of new and improved material. Textbook purchasing at present depends as much on the talents of some publisher's salesman as on the merits of the book. Educational experts are seldom called in on the purchase of supplies—perhaps because they are known to favor the most expensive article. And politics has been known to creep into the ordering of schoolbooks. A realistic account of political machines, for example, that named names and repeated specific history, would have some difficulty in passing a politically appointed school board.

But the most serious charge lies against the authors of the school texts themselves. They have refused to meet the student's right to a just and comprehensive understanding of the world he will be required to live in. Perhaps it is because we are indifferent to the need for acquainting our youth with the world we have made for them. European educational systems have recognized this need. New concepts of state and society have hastened to instruct youth in a changing philosophy, to prepare them for the altered conditions they will have to meet. America has done little to organize its school children through the materials of education to meet the demands of present and future society. Conservatism and timidity have been allowed to triumph in a most strategic corner of our educational plan. In view of the new orientation of our social system now going forward, the defect is critical. Our school children are worthy of franker and more realistic treatment than they have received from the authors of their textbooks. And it is not likely that they will thank us when they grow up to find a world as remote from their schoolbooks as the world of 1929 is from 1933.



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Deaf and Dumb Ships

By Wayne Francis Palmer

One of the weakest links in the development of armed seapower is naval communications. Wayne Francis Palmer, former naval officer, tells how this weakness may affect the next major sea war.

IN the next great battle at sea it will be a toss-up as to whether the greatest danger will come from the enemy fleet, or each fleet will constitute the greatest danger to itself. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the three great naval powers have developed fleets so vast that, in the confusion of a major naval engagement, it will be highly difficult to operate them as well directed offensive units. This condition, common to all navies, is not occasioned by any fault or omission in our own service, but rather by the failure of Naval Communications to keep pace with the rapid improvement in the other technical branches. Particularly have they not kept pace with other developments that tend to make the transmission of messages more difficult.

Communications are not spectacular like gunnery, the major sport of the services. Signals in a football game are not of interest to the spectators. They like to see the backs running with the ball, but it is the signals that make or break a team, and so it will be in the next great sea struggle.

It has been decided by strategists to mass together practically all of our modern sea strength in a single unit—the United States Fleet; but mass alone is not sufficient to guarantee victory. In the year 907 A.D. ten thousand Russian vessels, carrying 400,000 men, sailed down the Dnieper River, across the Black Sea to attack Constantinople. They were commanded by Igor, son of Rurik, the Swedish adventurer who became the first ruler of Russia. In desperation the Grecian emperor attempted to buy them off, but all such overtures were rejected. Only fifteen Byzantine warships were available for the defense of the capital, but these fifteen ships resisted the attack of the savage hordes and sent Igor in retreat with only half a dozen vessels left in his command. The boarding tactics of the Russians were met with streams of flame and their men and ships were destroyed. The Greeks had a word for it—"Greek Fire."

Mass was insufficient to bring victory to the Armada of Spain; and Jellico found out at Jutland that mass can be a liability as well as an aid.

The greater the number of ships operating as a fleet, the greater the requirement of unifying factors in order that one man may direct their destinies. Homogeneity gained by years of drilling, thorough organization, and indoctrination capped by genius of command, makes a fighting force or just ships. This homogeneity in time of battle can only be maintained through the rapid, accurate intership exchange of information and instructions.

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It may appear that the problem of controlling 150 ships today is simple compared with handling Igor's 10,000 vessels, or those of the Spanish Armada. Today's problem is one of great spaces and distances—operations under, on and over the sea, and a vast distribution of ships. At low visibility, for instance, with thirty-five knot light cruisers acting as scouts and cruising in opposite directions, the duration of the contact is a matter of seconds. In night actions, it is a brush and then away. A battle of only five hours' duration may actually cover as much as a thousand square miles of the sea's surface. Contrast this with the Armada making its leisurely way up the English Channel. Day by day it was attacked and gradually worn away by the sniping tactics of Britain's seamen. Not wishing to miss the fun, and seeing the English successes, professional soldiers and large landholders along the Channel, unused to the sea, hired ships, manned and equipped them and sailed forth to join the fight. The slow development of battles of the remote past offers no criterion for the future. Only the rapidity of action in the last war can be a gauge as to what may be expected in the next.

Communications between ships at sea may be by means of flag hoists where each flag represents a letter of the alphabet, or a number between 1 and 10, and where, by means of a code, one hoist may change the course, speed and disposition of the entire fleet. When a signal is hoisted on the flagship, it is immediately repeated through the entire fleet as fast as it can be read from the ships ahead. When all ships show the proper signal, the flagship jerks down its hoist as the signal of execution and all ships follow suit.

In every direction the buntings, which have given a gala appearance to the fleet, have disappeared as if by magic. The great battleships wheel slowly towards a new alignment. The speedy cruisers dash through their formations, tearing ahead as fast as express trains. A hundred destroyers scatter and charge in every direction. Order? It is wild disorder. Pandemonium seems to have broken

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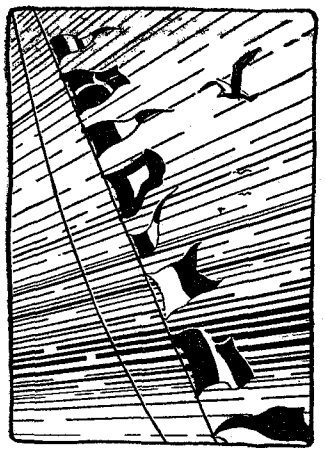

loose. The sea is crossed and criss-crossed with the churned white wakes of a fleet gone mad. Then suddenly it all takes shape again. The big fellows steady on their new course. The cruisers have taken up their scouting positions in the van, or on the wings. Each little destroyer hugs the great ship under its charge, or away they dash to the attack looking for all the world like a flock of ducks skimming the surface of the water.

This was a perfect maneuver. The weather, however, was clear; but with low visibility, smoke screens, artificial fog or real fog, or the accumulated smoke from boilers and gunfire in an area through which the engaged fleets have fought previously—the question becomes much more serious. The exposed positions of signalmen and flag hoists make for early casualties to men and material. Flag signalling becomes impractical and undependable. This, of course, also applies to wigwagging and semaphore, both of which are harbor aids only.

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One delightful spring dawn in 1918, off Bergen on the Norwegian coast, two divisions of battleships, with a force of light cruisers and destroyers, were safeguarding a great convoy of merchant ships, and at the same time were supporting the American minelaying squadron while they dropped 5,000 more "eggs" in their vast program of bottling up the North Sea. Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. Navy, in supreme command, was flying his flag from the battleship *U. S. S. New York*. It was a proud day for all the Americans because, while the Admiral was the toughest inspection officer that ever trod the decks of a ship, he was greatly beloved by officers and men, not the least cause of which was the splendid efficiency that he demanded of the forces under his command.

The beauty of the high rugged cliffs of Norway are well known, but on that morning as the sun rose over them blinding out all detail of the mighty rocks below, it was a sight to move the soul. A signal hoist on the *New York* brought the force on the bridges of the ships astern back to the task at hand. It was the breaking up of the night steaming formation with a change of course and speed. The signal was being repeated by the ships astern when suddenly the *New York* was enveloped by the "Cliffs of Norway" which actually were dense fog banks. The hoist on the flagship was suddenly lowered before all astern had caught the signal. Bedlam followed. All ships found themselves traveling at almost full speed in a fog so thick that the wheelsman could not see the officer-of-the-deck twenty feet away. The signal on the *New York* was executed by some; by others it had not been acknowledged; some had not even seen it; and others recognized the signal, but did not consider that the order of execution had been given. The miracles of the Bible shrink to insignificance compared with what happened. Fifty ships dashed in every direction —blind, but tearing along at great speed; light cruisers sliding across the sterns of battleships so close that an agile jumper could have leaped from one to the other; and destroyers attempting to cling onto the quarters of the great ships they must always accompany like pilot fish hanging onto the belly of a shark.

Major disasters were averted a hundred times—not by skill, because there was no chance for skill, but because the fates who sat above the fog, in laying out the courses for those ships, had planned no tragedy to mar that beautiful spring morning. But it took fourteen hours to re-assemble all those ships in orderly formation again. There was, of course, no criticism of anyone. It had been merely a chance of the sea. Fortune had smiled, and there were no collisions, but best of all there had been no enemy at hand to destroy the scattered forces piecemeal.

Indifference to such a performance cannot be countenanced now, because we know that effective fog banks can and will be *artificially* created during the next general fleet engagement.

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The interchange of signals between two ships is effectively accomplished by means of the "blinker." This is a powerful searchlight with a shutter intercepting its rays and, by means of a handle, it can be opened and shut rapidly, much like a telegraph key, to send dot and dash signals. This method is limited to effective reception by only one ship. For general fleet signalling the "blinker" must be eliminated because general signals must be instantly and simultaneously distributed throughout the entire fleet.

Obviously, radio suggests the proper solution. If the Admiral in command could talk directly to all flag and commanding officers without fear of interruption, the problem would be solved. The lack of secrecy is no factor once the enemy fleet is engaged. The use of uncoded messages under this condition is standard practice in some navies. For the enemy to share in information regarding maneuvers merely permits the ear knowledge that will be gained by the eye a few seconds later.

The difficulties with the radio are just as familiar to all ashore as they are to the technicians afloat. Interference between stations ashore is too common to require explanation. Every talent of the Federal Radio Commission, the broadcasting companies, and those engaged in the manufacture of radio equipment has been directed to clarify this perplexing difficulty. The same problem exists at sea, because if the answer had been found there, it would be exploited ashore.

When two great fleets next meet, it will be necessary to keep open hundreds of air channels. In each fleet there will be the orders going out and information coming in among about 150 ships, and there will be several hundred airplanes sending and receiving scouting and operating information. In addition, a new duty has been imposed on radio since the last war, and that is the control of gunfire. Airplanes must talk with their mother ships and advise them as to the accuracy of their fire. Ships no longer fire individually but as a division, so that gunnery control officers must talk with their corresponding numbers on the adjoining ships. Assuming perfect conditions, it would still be a bedlam, and in battle, conditions are not perfect. The giving and receiving of sustained heavy fire imposes conditions upon delicate wireless instruments that will not allow them to hold to the narrow air channels allotted to them. Direct hits at an early stage of the battle will put whole units out of communication.

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The most serious difficulty that radio must face is the jamming of the air by the enemy. We know the frightful rumpus that comes over our radios when the neighbor's oil burner starts the devils to screeching just as Will Rogers gets to the point of one of his jokes, or just as Rudy Vallée swings into one of his waltzes. This is just what happens intentionally when the air is jammed, only it is done on a much larger scale.

The Russians and Germans were quite adept at this mode of interference. One night during the World War, as the Turkish-German battle cruiser *Goeben* lay off Constantinople, a signal came through announcing that a certain advance Turkish wireless and observation station was being attacked by a Russian landing party. The message came through clear and distinct. It was followed by a few words of a second message. Then the *Goeben* was unable to hear more because the air was filled with screeching and howling.

It seemed a real opportunity to cut off the attacking forces, so the *Goeben* raced through the Bosporus into the Black Sea. Once outside, the trap was sprung and the entire Russian Black Sea Fleet passed between her and the Bosporus. They had sent the first message. The second garbled attempt, blotted out by the Russians, was a denial by the wireless station that it was being molested. The plan had been well executed, and now the *Goeben's* calls for help were unable to penetrate the Russian jamming. It was only by steaming to sea and by making a fast and daring end run that she ever saw port again.

It is reasonable to assume that the art of air jamming has kept pace with the splendid advancement of radio. Any military research organization when developing a new weapon or procedure must work out a method to counteract it. The fleet that goes into the next great battle at sea depending on radio as its principal method of communication risks disaster.

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The battle of Dogger Banks offered to the British an opportunity to annihilate the German battle cruiser force in payment for their raids on undefended English coast towns. Caught red-handed by a superior force, they fled for home. The British with greater speed and heavier guns directed a deadly and accurate fire that soon reduced the *Blucher* to a wreck. The others were fairly ripe for the picking when a chance shot struck the Admiral's flagship, the *Lion,* disabling her and forcing Admiral Beatty to turn the control over to the second in command. The wireless on the *Lion* was out of commission. The flag hoist was incorrectly understood, and it resulted in the abandonment of the chase by the British and the escape of the remaining German cruisers, although severely damaged. A failure in communications had denied a victory to Britain that she had well earned.

In the early stages of the Battle of Jutland, Admiral Beatty had two divisions of battle cruisers and one division of the Queen Elizabeths, the fastest and most powerful battleships afloat. Upon receiving the first reports of the approach of the enemy battle cruisers, he hoisted a flag signal to alter course. The battleships did not see the signal and it was not repeated by either wireless or blinker, with the result that they dropped ten miles astern and were thirty minutes late in opening fire. When Beatty's cruisers opened fire on the German light forces a second error in communications caused a concentration of fire on certain ships and left others free to hammer the British line. Undoubtedly, this accounted for the early destruction of the *Indefatigable* and the *Queen Mary,* which blew up, leaving only a column of smoke to represent all that was left of those two proud ships. These two serious errors in communication resulted in a severe initial defeat for Admiral Beatty's force of ten capital ships by only half that number under Admiral Von Hipper.

Later in the day, after the entire British Grand Fleet had unleashed its fury against the entire German High Seas Fleet with about as devastating an effect as a good boisterous pillow fight, Jellico's forces settled down for the night between the Germans and their base. Tactically, the situation was ideal. Von Scheer must take the High Seas Fleet around the British, which maneuver was most difficult, or he must cut his way through a force fifty per cent superior to his own. The latter plan was unbelievable, so the forces of Britain awaited the eighteen hours of June 1st daylight to wipe out every vestige of Germany's challenge to their command of the seas. They awaited only the dawn to strike the blow that would end the war in the summer of 1916!

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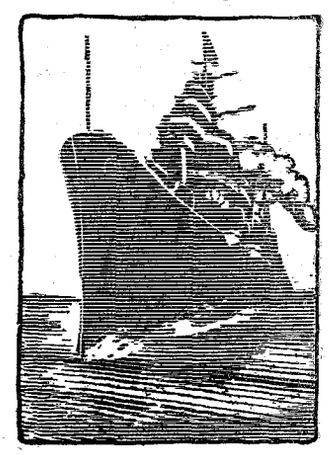
Admiral Von Scheer decided to do the unbelievable and took his one hundred ships through one hundred and fifty ships of the Grand Fleet. He was fortunate in penetrating the light forces in the rear of Jellico's battle fleet, but many a terrific fight resulted. Ships loomed out of the dark at distances of only hundreds of yards, where they had fought at thousands the day before. In one case ships collided and were unable to depress their guns low enough to blast one another to atoms. Ships were destroyed never to be heard of again; ships were blown out of the water at point-blank range.

In spite of these numerous actions and contacts between ten at night and two in the morning, Jellico had no knowledge of what had transpired until the Admiralty advised him by wireless at five minutes of four that the prey had escaped his grasp. Too few signals had been sent, and even these had not been received on the flagship. A gross blunder in communications was again to be the cause of the most bitter disappointment of the war. Controversies have raged over this without abatement for eighteen years, but unfortunately, they have turned on personalities and not to the core of the trouble—*failure in communications.*

The question of instant identification of men-of-war is the constant dread of the commanding and watch officers of every ship at sea. If they are of the enemy, they must be destroyed; if they are friends, they must be protected and prevented from destroying you. In the World War, ships were furnished with recognition signals. A battleship suddenly looms out of the mist. A combination of lights appears above her—a red, a purple and a green. You answer with a yellow, a red and a white. An error means that guns all ready for action will fire. A different system of identification was used for eight different



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classes of ships, and each system changed every twelve hours. Some changed on daylight time, others on Greenwich time, some at noon and some at odd intervals—but the watch officer was always responsible for an error.

An example of the seriousness of the problems that were faced occurred in the early fall of 1918. It was obvious that the German nation was weakening, and the Allied control in the North Sea prepared for and expected that last-minute fanatical attempts would be made by German battle cruisers to break out into the Atlantic to pursue a course of commerce destruction and disorganization until they themselves were destroyed.

The bulk of the Grand Fleet was at anchor at Rosyth, Firth of Forth, while at the sub-arctic base at Scapa Flow the Sixth Battle Squadron of five United States battleships and the Second Battle Cruiser Squadron, with supporting light cruisers and destroyers—all under the command of Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. Navy—stood guard over the exits from the North Sea.

It had been just ten years since the launching of the battle cruiser *Australia,* and all that time a sealed compartment filled with champagne of the same vintage as that used at the christening had awaited this day of the tenth anniversary to see the seal broken. The Royal Australian Navy was indeed a royal host until the celebration was rudely interrupted by a peremptory demand that all officers return immediately to their ships. Going down the gangway they saw their boats almost standing on ends. The angry water snatched at them as they leaped into their careening boats. At their own ships they found hundreds of men busily engaged in taking in gangways and securing boats on deck. Up forward a light showed the Chief Boatswain and his crew ready to shorten up the anchor chain. The donkey engine raced and scraped as it was tested without load.

The reason—a wireless had come in from a patrol in the North Sea: *"German battle cruisers steaming hard for Pentland Firth."* After many tedious months of waiting, months of soul-trying preparation for the big opportunity, the time had come and they were running right into our arms. Best of all, an American fighting admiral was to lead the combined British and American squadrons into battle.

Pentland Firth, about twenty miles of the meanest salt water to be found, lies between the headlands of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, the mud flats of which enclose one of the finest harbors in the world: Scapa Flow. In a few minutes the *New York* led the way to sea. On a calm day Pentland Firth, with its cross currents and natural cussedness, will suddenly throw up a wave that has been known to snatch two score of men from the forecastle of a battleship. That night it was in rare form.

The ships took up a patrol position at the western exit into the Atlantic. In order to cover a larger area the battle cruisers, with their greater speed, were sent forward; then they retraced part of their way, only to advance again —and thus they kept up this backstitching advance throughout the night.

Two more signals from patrols were received marking the progress of the Germans, but our ships were ready for them. Their only chance was to slip through in the absolute blackness of the night. All hands stood ready at battle stations—tense, ready for the kill.

Dawn came early, and in its first rays three battle cruisers were seen approaching at high speed on a parallel course but not over half a mile distant. Their guns were trained on our ships and ours on them. The first salvos could not help but blow ships out of the water. A miss was impossible. Guns were loaded and ready to fire when "the Enemy," making out the distinctive basket masts of the American battleships, sent up a recognition signal and prevented a ghastly tragedy. "The Enemy" was the Second Battle Cruiser Squadron and included the host of the night before.

There was no other enemy, and to this day not even Admiral Rodman can explain the origin of the patrol reports. The mystery of these messages stands at the Admiralty as well, because our ships acted under its authority. There was, apparently, a series of mistaken identities by patrols, or some wag of a German submarine commander greatly enjoyed his hoax.

A heartbreaking incident occurred off Blyth in the North Sea. A British decoy ship was cruising in a heavy mist when it sighted a large submarine close at hand. She was identified as the German U-6. The white ensign was broken out and fire opened at point blank range. By the conning tower of the submarine stood an officer lifting a Very's pistol to fire a recognition signal, but the first shot tore off his arms and killed him. A second exploded in the control room. Shot after shot went home as an officer scrambled on deck waving a white tablecloth.

Firing ceased just as a heavy fog bank enveloped both boats; then fire was reopened until the doomed submarine signalled for help. Before she went down a few men escaped and were pulled aboard the decoy. It was then they learned that they had sunk the British J-6 and not the German U-6. Some white garment had been thrown over the conning tower so as to give the "J" the appearance of a "U."

That these problems have not as yet been answered is indicated by two recent war game incidents. Off Panama, several years ago, the opposing fleets were hot at it. The umpire declared that the commander-in-chief was eliminated, so word was sent to the vice admiral to take over the command. This word, however, did not reach him until eight hours later when a submarine bobbed up and apologized for repeating what they considered an old signal, but to the Vice Admiral it was the first news of his sudden elevation. To all practical purposes the "defending fleet" had been "fighting" a whole day without a leader!

Another war game, another mistake in naval communications. Off the California coast one of the two big aircraft carriers cruised about, hunting for the enemy. A squadron of planes took off to widen the search. This way and that, through cloud banks and over bright open sea they roared, until they saw the deck of an aircraft carrier simply inviting attack. Down they dove, assimilating the most vicious attack which ships will have to repel in the future—diving bombing—and the umpires gave them just what they were after, the complete destruction of the carrier—only it happened to be their own mother ship.

The question of naval communications is still an open one, inviting skill and invention by our best minds or, perhaps, by some lucky discoverer that may trip across the answer to this most serious of all naval problems as yet unanswered. Without it our ships face destruction by their sister ships, our aircraft threaten them from above and our submarines from below. Homogeneity of action is not assured, and as a result, in times of stress, the sea power of the nation may be reduced to a group of ineffectual units.

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Economic War Reports

Compiled by Edward H. Collins

American Front

JUDGED PURELY ON THE BASIS of seasonal factors the period between November 1 and mid-December should be one of seasonally rising tendencies in production and distribution. Never, however, has prediction been as difficult as at the present time; for never have non-seasonal factors loomed as importantly in the business picture. In the first place, we are in the midst of a test period for the NRA, a period in which we hope to discover whether the normal processes of business recovery can successfully be re-arranged through the arbitrary action of the government. Normally, in a recovery, we have increasing production, followed by increasing employment, and finally increased wages. It is the hope of the Administration that the same ultimate results can be obtained by starting with increasing wages and employment in the expectation that the increased purchasing power thus generated will bring about the much desired increase in production. From its low of 42 per cent of normal touched in April, production rose to 76 in July, and as this is written in late October, it is back to 59, having lost approximately half its advance. Although the downward curve is showing a tendency to flatten out, it is virtually impossible to say what its short-term course will be. Meanwhile, we find that employment, which stood at 69 in July, when production was at its peak, had actually increased by September to 74, and that payrolls in the same period had risen from 46.4 to 55.7. We are about to witness a test in the next few weeks, in other words, of whether rising payrolls can lift production as production usually lifts payrolls. Moreover, we are to see it performed under laboratory conditions which can at best be described as less than perfect; for it is to be performed against a background of widespread labor difficulties and disturbing rises in retail prices.

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German Front

CLEVERNESS DOES NOT YIELD dividends for long in international relations and international trade. Germany is destined to find that out. How else but clever can one describe the scheme by which Germany hopes to finance "additional exports" at the expense of bondholders? She plans to provide service in full to those bondholders whose governments will take more of Germany's exports, while the bondholders of those countries which do not wish to enter into special trade agreements with Germany will receive but 75 per cent of their service. The Reich is apt to discover, however, that exports made to the United States on this basis can be construed as violating that section of the Smoot-Hawley tariff act which was framed to keep out goods sold under bounty arrangements. Exports of this character are strictly interpreted as dumping, a word which brings the tariff barriers higher immediately in the offended countries. Germany has tried, furthermore, to load up her trans-oceanic passenger vessels by letting voyagers have access to blocked (or discount) marks, and immediately competing ships under several flags filed a protest and an arbitrator levied a stiff fine on German shipping companies. Germany is really off gold without seeming to be so, and the leading trading nations are not fooled by the different prices at which marks can be bought.

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British Front

IN NUMEROUS RESPECTS the position of Great Britain in combatting the depression is more favorable than our own. Britain has no banking problem, for one thing; her depositors are not worrying, deposit insurance is not an issue and bank assets have not depreciated to the extent that they have in this country. In itself this is an enormous advantage. To it can be added the fact that Britishers trust their currency. Contrary to the experience of this country, there has been no discoverable flight from the British currency. Perhaps most important of all, though, is the fact that the British capital market is open and funds are being supplied for refunding and for new money. In August, for example, the British new capital market had the largest volume of flotations seen in that month since the war. The issues totaled £21,208,000, compared with £73,000 a year ago. For the first eight months the offerings were the largest in three years, footing up to £96,538,199 (Midland Bank figures), against £78,156,890 in the same period of the previous year and £77,766,471 in 1931. Moreover, there have been foreign flotations, including an issue for Canada, one for Australia and one for Austria. Domestic financing, too, in the first eight months was the largest for that period since the Depression began. It is unquestionably an enormous advantage for a country to have its capital market open at this stage of a recovery from depression, as it is in the heavy industries, which feed on capital issues, that the first important drafts are made ordinarily on the unemployed army. This is a fact which the United States will find out, late but nonetheless surely.

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Lesser European Sector

THE FARCE of the tariff truce reached before the World Economic Conference is being ended. The return to realities is due to British action, although, be it said, Britain herself has not formally renounced the truce. The initiative was taken by Sweden and Holland, and Switzerland and several others followed suit shortly afterward. What Britain did was to impose more than fifty new tariffs after the truce became effective, in spite of the fact that she had promised not to adopt any new devices raising barriers to trade. But Britain without much delay increased her tariffs on poultry, yeast and potatoes, thereby stepping on Holland's toes, and raised her tariffs on doors, flooring and other timber and

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on oats, much to Sweden's discomfiture. It was claimed that application to raise these various tariffs had been filed prior to May 12, when the truce was to take effect, and so they were exempt. To Sweden and Holland it was a sham for Britain to make this claim, and so they took the more straightforward course of ditching the truce openly. Whether Britain will withdraw formally from the truce is, it is expected, one of the problems which Parliament will have to grapple with soon after it convenes early in November. Resentment is felt also toward Germany, which has been rationing exchange for imports and encouraging exports by building up the supply of blocked marks, which sell at a substantial discount.

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Australian Front

A SIGNIFICANT EVENT has just occurred in Australia. It was on this country, it will be remembered, that the Depression first descended with severity. Attention has been called in these paragraphs before now to the evident fact that Australia was leading the way out of the Depression, just as it headed the procession in. Now it can be reported that recovery in Australia has proceeded far enough for the Prime Minister, J. A. Lyons, to present a budget to the House of Representatives calling for an appreciable reduction in taxes. In the two preceding years the government had amassed a surplus of income over expenditure of £4,861,000, and so the Prime Minister proposed to cut taxes by £7,490,000 and to increase certain expenditures by £1,658,000. This is an important step for Australian business, for it promises to reduce the cost of living, to stimulate employment and lower interest and other industrial costs. With costs thus lowered, Australian exporters will be in a still more favorable position to capture foreign markets. In this way is the patience of the Australian people, and their endurance, being rewarded for the privations they have borne in the last few years in the interest of a sound national economy. Australia's improved position, naturally enough, is reflected in security prices. A group of industrial issues is up about 30 per cent in the last year.

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Canadian Front

THE NATIONAL POLICIES of this country have not only lost us a good part of Canada's trade but also the opportunity to do her financing. On the funds which United States investors have advanced to Canada they are now receiving approximately $1,000,000, and for acting as agents for the placing of these investments in the Dominion, American bankers received commissions, which, if not as large as they are paid for handling other foreign financing, were easily made because of the soundness of the Canadian risk. The combination of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill and the cheapening of the American dollar has driven Canada to seek her funds in London and also in her own market. Canadian financiers are being surprised continually by the readiness with which the government is able to borrow in the home market. Reserves of investable funds that were not known to exist are now being unearthed in the stress of national readjustment. Our tariff has thrown Canada and Britain into each other's arms. In the year ended June 30 Canadian exports to British countries increased to 49 per cent from 38 per cent in the previous year. Canadian imports from the Empire countries were about 32 per cent of her imports in that year, compared with 26 per cent in the preceding year. In the case of this country, however, American exports to Canada were down $90,000,000, while Canadian imports from our country were off $110,000,000.

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Russian Sector

THE HUGE WHEAT CROP which has fallen into Russia's lap this year has enabled the Soviet to reorient both its political and trade policy. In the political field, the Soviet, with its granaries full, can afford to take a more belligerent attitude toward Japan and the Manchurian adventure than it could take a year ago. In the realm of trade, Russia is able to drive harder bargains in the credit field than she could before nature smiled on her wheat fields. Russia now has a great deal of wheat which she can export and thus obtain foreign exchange, whereas a year ago she was dependent in her foreign buying almost wholly on credit, extended on the lender's own terms, which were of course harsh. No longer the impoverished credit seeker, Russia is taking her time in drawing up trade agreements with France and Britain and in negotiating the purchase of upward of 2,000,000 bales of American cotton. As the Soviet shunts its trade away from Germany it is helping Herr Hitler achieve that severance from all things communistic which he thinks necessary to keep the pure Aryan well undefiled. In the meanwhile German heavy industries turn their wheels more slowly as Russian contracts for machines are placed elsewhere.

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Latin-American Sector

WHILE POLITICALLY CUBA has receded from a leading place in our newspapers, financially the situation in the Island Republic is becoming increasingly acute. American investments in private Cuban enterprises,—sugar plantations, hotels, telephone and electric companies—have long been under a cloud, and in many instances written down to a small fraction of the original amount. Today it is a question of the outlook for the bonds of the Cuban Government itself. The new Administration has not shown itself capable of maintaining stable, normal conditions throughout the country and tax revenues are not flowing in. Unless a firm hand makes itself felt before the end of the year in Havana, it seems inevitable that at least part of the Cuban debt will pass into default; the old loans secured by customs revenues may prove the last to be affected, as of course customs revenues are the most certain and easily collected.

Argentina, the only Latin American country aside from Cuba still maintaining its full external debt service, has made rapid progress in reaching a tariff agreement with Great Britain and discussions are under way for arriving at a similar concordat with American interests having private investments tied up in Argentina. While exchange conditions in the River Plate are still acute, Argentina continues at this writing to display a determination to meet her commitments fully and find a satisfactory solution for her undeniably great difficulties.

Even Chile and Peru, where the economic depression has been most severe and where conditions—political, social, and economic—have been most acute, show faint but unmistakable signs of improvement, with a revival in business and exports. It is too early, however, to say whether these indications mark a definitive turn from the down course that began in these countries three or four years ago.

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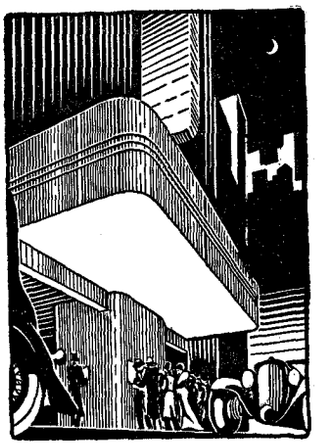

To See or Not to See

By Cy Caldwell

Ah, Wilderness! *Play by Eugene O'Neill. Presented by the Theatre Guild*

A charming, tender, truthful little comedy about the troubles of an adolescent in a Connecticut town in 1906, Ah, Wilderness! is rich in compassionate understanding of a sensitive and rebellious youth's problems, and of the difficulties of a wise and humorous father who guides his son through a small crisis. It is a simple little play about simple and very human and mediocre people, less remarkable for itself than for the fact that Eugene O'Neill wrote it in a Booth Tarkington-Edgar Guest mood; and that in it George M. Cohan achieves the very pinnacle of sure and natural characterization as the father. I have seen nothing in the theatre more exquisitely played than the scene in which Mr. Cohan fumbles for words with which to tell his son (Elisha Cook, Jr.) about the realities of life; that scene is amusing, true, indescribably tender and heart warming. Marjorie Marquis, as the mother, is as right as right can be; and Gene Lockhart as Uncle Sid, a ne'er-do-well small-town reporter, is a delight. Philip Moeller is to be congratulated for his perfect direction, and the Theatre Guild, for a splendid production. As a play, Ah, Wilderness! is merely a tender, pleasant little comedy; but as an evening's entertainment with George M. Cohan as chief interpreter of the play's moods, it is one of the most thoroughly delightful things that it ever has been my good fortune to witness.

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Sailor, Beware! *Comedy by Kenyon Nicholson and Courtney Robinson. Presented by Courtney Burr*

Those who take Sailor, Beware! in a spirit of rowdy good humor will find it by long odds the most hilariously amusing show in town. Its humors are high and racy, its laughter is low and hearty; it is forthright, honest and revealing; and its morals would shock the smug, who would declare that life in the Navy isn't like that. It treats in sprightly fashion of the amorous adventures of Dynamite Jones of the U. S. S. *Dakota* and it tells what happened to him when he essayed in Panama City, the conquest of a chaste young night club hostess, known as Billie (Stonewall) Jackson. Bets were laid freely between the sailors and the other hostesses on whether or not she would hold out against the redoubtable Dynamite. The characters are real, the acting and direction are perfection, the language is salty, authentic, and never offensive; and the laughter is almost continuous. It is good rough fun and is strongly recommended to the average adult human. It is the sort of play that might be produced by such collaborators as Boccacio, Elinor Glyn, and ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, with critical suggestions by H. L. Mencken. But Aunt Effie, you stay home.

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The Bowery *Twentieth Century Picture*

A rip-roaring saga of the Bowery in the days of Chuck Connors and Steve Brodie, this good-natured, rowdy record of barroom brawls, battles with brass knuckles, paving stones and ashcans is well worth seeing if you enjoy slapstick comedy at its roughest and readiest and don't object to ribald mirth and occasional vulgarity. After all, the Bowery in the *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* period was no formal garden through which strolled refined ladies and gentlemen; it was a dump where ladies and gents were as nature and their environment made them. Director Raoul Walsh has caught the spirit of the place and the period, as least as it comes down to us in late American mythology; and Wallace Beery and George Raft bring us Connors and Brodie as we'd like to think they were, even if they weren't.

The Pursuit of Happiness *Comedy by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Langner. Presented by Laurence Rivers, Inc.*

Recommended with enthusiasm is this sly and mischievous mixture of Puritan folklore and saucy satire, a delicious dissertation upon the jolly custom of bundling in old New England. Bundling? Well, I didn't know of it either, but bundling was a fuel saving device of Puritan sparking; on cold winter nights the young sweethearts hopped into bed with wholehearted parental approval, a bible, and a center-board between them. Thus they kept warm, saved fire-wood, and wasted no time. As an impediment to the bliss of the lovelorn, I think that modern inventors and the American Radiator Company have much to answer for. The Pursuit of Happiness is a piquant and engaging prank in which you may unblushingly indulge. For their delightful and natural performances I feel especially indebted to Tonio Selwart, Dennie Moore, Seth Arnold and Charles Waldron.

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As Thousands Cheer *Musical revue by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. Presented by Sam H. Harris*

Count me as one of the cheering thousands, grateful for a witty, and wise, and grandly insolent topical revue that presents for our delighted inspection such essentially comic characters as Mahatma Gandhi, Aimee Semple MacPherson, the Prince of Wales, and a fellow named Hoover, to mention only a few odd specimens of our species whom Moss Hart impales in his satirical sketches. Viewed superficially, these sketches are just good cruel fun, but I feel that in all of them Mr. Hart has come nearer to a true psychological appraisal of the characters than may appear on the surface. Strangely but very happily in contrast to this devastating and brutal vivisection are the songs of Irving Berlin, lilting, sweet, sentimental for the most part, and handled by a chorus that can sing and articulate the words—a startling innovation. Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, Leslie Adams, and Ethel Waters shine in this fleet and good looking revue, staged and lighted by Hassard Short. Especially I liked his Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue—1883, and Mr. Berlin's song, "Her Easter Bonnet." A group of lugubrious leapers and lungers from the arty reaches of Greenwich village went through sundry asinine antics, which the program said was dancing, and which I assert was terrible. Outside of this terpsichorean experiment, I enjoyed every moment of As Thousands Cheer, though it regretably lacks a good dancing chorus.

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Double Door *Play by Elizabeth McFadden. Presented by Potter & Haight*

If you like very grim, fairly obvious, and quite unbelievable melodrama, made almost believable by canny direction and good acting, then Double Door is just the thing for you. It is not, I hasten to add, the thing for me. Too soon I sensed that Victoria Van Bret, a selfish, strong-willed, miserly, venomous, arrogant spinster, addicted to ancestor adulation and the collection of New York real estate, meant no good to young Rip Van Bret's plebeian wife whom I could have advised not to live in the gloomy Van Bret mansion on Fifth Avenue. And when the self-centered mad old maid thrust the young wife through the double doors into a secret room and prepared to leave her there to die, I could have whispered to the incarcerated lady not to fear, as she obviously must be got out for a happy ending. If, in addition to the rescued wife, a spectral figure also emerges through those doors some evening, it may or may not be the shade of Henrik Johan Ibsen returned to view Miss McFadden's revival of his ending of Ghosts.

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Hold Your Horses *Joe Cook presents himself in a musical runaway at the Winter Garden*

For many moons New York has been dependent for comedy relief only upon Mayor O'Brien and his tax problems. Now another noted comedian goes to work in the person of the comical Joe Cook, who in this musical melange becomes Mayor of New York around 1900. As a mayor he is almost as funny as Mr. O'Brien, which is high praise indeed. With his innumerable gadgets, his rib-tickling absurdities, his horse Magnolia, and his patient stooge, Dave Chasen, Mr. Cook and the audience have a bright and busy time of it. If you're enough of an old meaney to pin me down to carping criticism, I'm bound to admit that the libretto might be funnier; and if you demand why, in a musical comedy company of 100 the only person really able to sing is Max Weber, I'd be unable to answer, though I'm as annoyed as you are by shaky sopranos and tinny tenors. However, as it is evidently against the code to emplov any singers in the average musical comedy, we must bear with that part of it and be content with good comedy and excellent dancing. After all, if in addition to Mr. Cook you have the exquisite Harriet Hoctor, Tom Patricola, Inez Courtney, Frances Upton, a bevy of beautiful girls, and eye-pleasing costumes and scenery, what more do you need?

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Footlight Parade *Warner Brothers*

The indefatigable Warner Brothers have rolled up their sleeves and ground out another of those lavish cinema musical comedies, all of which look and sound almost exactly alike to me. In fact, after 42nd Street and Gold Diggers of 1933 I was able to predict with a reasonable degree of accuracy every move that Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell were going to make in the current standard work. It was a pleasant though slightly monotonous pastime. There must be something sacred about the plots of these Warner musicals that the high priests of the studio guard the ritual so religiously and beat off any suggestion for a major change. Apparently they abhor all suspense, all humor, all excitement, and pin their faith on the dance routines, which in this picture are almost fantastically lavish; slightly clad ladies wade and swim about a pool, bask on rocks with water cascading over them, form into ensembles shaped like stars, like a sea serpent, and other interesting and beautiful groups that are refreshing to watch. The musical numbers are all nice and loud, but they bounce off your ears without registering in your memory, which perhaps is just as well. Though much of it is tiresome and childish, Footlight Parade is worth seeing.

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I'm No Angel *Paramount*

The refining influences of Hollywood already are apparent in the case of Miss Mae West, whose latest film shows her tearing up Mr. Cary Grant's check for a breach of promise case and deciding to marry him and settle down to respectability. Personally, I wish that Miss West would leave all sweetly sentimental endings to Miss Janet Gaynor, for instance, and get about her obvious mission of debunking Hollywood's standard output of bilgy sentimentalities. Let Miss West confine herself to honest, natural, rowdy vulgarity and her grand flair for satirical sex burlesque without benefit of clergy, and without being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of romantic flubdubbery, of which we have enough and to spare. In her present picture Miss West starts off happily as a lion tamer in a carnival but achieves Broadway success and marital felicity at the finish. It's a good enough film to be quite amusing at times and you'll find it mildly enjoyable. Of course, it isn't for the children. But if Miss West continues to bask in the sweetness and light that is Hollywood's I wouldn't be surprised if her next picture is entirely suitable for the tots.

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Night Flight *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Night Flight is the grim story of pioneer days in South American aviation, an intensely interesting and magnificently photographed record of the beginnings of night mail flying; it is vivid, dramatic, and effective. It is not, I assure adult cinema patrons, merely another flying picture, but a commendable and worthwhile photoplay, splendidly directed by Clarence Brown, with John Barrymore giving one of his most forceful performances as a relentless general manager who drives his pilots through impossible weather. The flying scenes and those scenes in the operations office of an airline are superbly handled; and the usual juvenile and ingenue love affair is happily absent. So is the annoying hero pilot. It is an adult picture, with good performances by Helen Hayes, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, and William Gargan.

The Private Life of Henry VIII *United Artists presents a London Film Production*

The private life of the royal murderer and sensualist to whom English speaking Christians ironically are indebted for authorizing the first English Bible, is here set forth with great gusto and humor which the old scoundrel himself probably would have appreciated; for in his uncouth way Henry was a merry wag, shouting, haw-hawing, tearing meat with fingers and teeth, and belching to his leathery heart's content. You may see this royal buffoon, true as life, in the person of Charles Laughton who achieves his gaudiest and gustiest film impersonation in one of the most superbly hilarious comedies ever fabricated in this or any other land. It is the finest English picture yet produced, without any doubt; and it takes its place with the best that come out of Hollywood. Brilliantly directed by Alexander Korda, superbly photographed, magnificently acted, lavishly set, it is something to see and to be thankful for. The historian may complain that the film is hardly just to Henry, who also was an accomplished scholar, linguist, musician, and athlete, and who became a doughty champion of national antipathy to papal jurisdiction and ecclesiastical privilege; but after all, that side of Henry's character has been overwhelmed by the world's interest in his murderous matrimonial muddles, so the historian must bow to popular interest and admit that the private life of the fiery and amorous monarch must have been something like this, or he couldn't have blundered on from wife to wife as he did, the male Peggy Joyce of his time. I recommend this film as the ten best comedies of the year rolled into one. Don't miss it.

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Men in White *Play by Sidney Kingsley. Presented by the Group Theatre*

Vigorously, effectively, and melodramatically, Men in White portrays the professional and love life of a promising young interne who, engaged to the daughter of a philanthropist about to endow the hospital, inadvertently yields to the charms of an amazingly innocent young nurse, and in due course is called upon to assist in an unavailing effort to save her life when she is brought to the operating room suffering from the effects of an illegal operation. Utterly illogical in its implication that the girl would not acquaint the young doctor with her condition, the play nevertheless is very interesting, at moments exciting. The authentic medical detail, the hospital background and atmosphere, the expert direction of Lee Strasberg, and the truly splendid acting of J. Edward Bromberg and Alexander Kirkland aided by a capable cast more than make up for a somewhat fantastic story. While it undoubtedly is an over-hectic comment upon life and medicine, it is grand theatre and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

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Her Man of Wax *Comedy by Julian Thompson, adapted from the German of Walter Hasenclever. Presented by Lee Shubert*

Undoubtedly something amazingly good in the way of satirical political comedy could be distilled from Herr Hasenclever's provocative idea of having Napoleon return to life in a Parisian museum's wax figure, make love to a cinema actress, disrupt a disarmament conference, and discourse upon national follies. If Herr Hasenclever made anything at all of the fantasy, I feel that he could sue Mr. Julian Thompson and recover heavy damages. For Mr. Thompson has combined a small dose of Herr Hasenclever's satire with a huge bolus of Miss Lenore Ulric's theatrical brand of seductiveness. The result is not happy; it is, on the contrary, dull, boring, and very, very sloppy. The sight of a middle-aged fat man (Lloyd Corrigan as Napoleon) kissing and mauling a somewhat passé enchantress who needs her voice lifted, stirred me neither to enthusiasm nor mirth. If instead Mr. Corrigan would bite the adapter and the director, I feel that he would be helping the theatre. Although Mr. Corrigan obviously lacks the inner fire and intensity required adequately to portray such a character as Napoleon, he brings to the part a simple dignity and sincerity that is effective, at least until Miss Ulric goes after him, when he collapses into a farcial, sentimental caricature of the little Corsican. And whatever else Napoleon may have been, he certainly was not a farcical figure in a dreary burlesque.

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DETOUR DEPARTMENT

Undesirable Lady, written and presented in an unguarded moment by Leon Gordon at the National Theatre, presents round-faced, round-eyed, red-headed Nancy Carroll of the cinema as an undesirable lady in an undesirable play. It wouldn't have been any good even if Miss Carroll could act.

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Fall of the House of Cards

By Robert Neville

What system do you play? Robert Neville, writer and authority on contract bridge, shows how the greed in developing systems of bidding is responsible for the collapse of the depression industry of contract.

THE American genius for commercializing recreational activity was never better illustrated than in the field of contract bridge. Fundamentally a quiet, pleasant pastime, by its very nature unsuited to economic exploitation, the game was, nevertheless, converted into something of a national spectacle through the efforts of high-pressure promoters and organizers—the so-called bridge experts.

Latest descandant of the old household game of whist, contract reached its greatest popularity during an era of crashing stock markets, closing banks, increasing breadlines and unbalanced governmental budgets. Like many another American sport, but unlike all other card games, it soon deserted the humble station of a mere family diversion and entered the ranks of industry, its rise to full-grown stature in business coinciding, oddly enough, with the downward course of the Depression.

The amateur psychologists of bridge, of whom there are not a few, argued that bridge offered the American public surcease from the groans of an ill-ordered financial world. If the people could not solve their puzzles in terms of rising and falling stock charts, they could at least turn their minds to the similar, but even more fascinating, problems of which way to finesse, which opponent to squeeze and which suit to cross-ruff. These are eternal enigmas, the secrets of which have never been completely fathomed by even the brainiest of experts; they would keep the nation amused and enthralled for years to come.

The bleakest moments for general business became contract's rosiest interludes. The more unemployed there were, the more bridge players there seemed to be to buy the experts' manuals, to play at the bridge clubs, to contribute their mites to the bridge experts' opulent existence. Starting as only a handful of the more advanced auction players, the contract playing population grew by leaps and bounds until it equalled the country's army of unemployed. A bridge bubble of heroic, if not tremendous, size began to take form; and as more and more converts were added to the already swollen ranks of contract addicts, the experts began to envision a nation of 120,000,000 bridge players over which they would eventually rule.

But if the Depression was considered to be the cause of the contract rage, none of the prophets of the game ever bothered to forecast that there might be a recession in contract's popularity when a measure of prosperity returned. Those who were bold enough to declare contract a passing fad, just as mah-jongg proved to be a few years ago, were reminded that *whist* had been played for nearly fifty years and that auction had been with us for more than twenty. Since contract was an infinitely finer game, it would be with us even longer, they argued. What was overlooked was that whist and auction had been spared the intense popularity of contract.

Considering the frenzied salesmanship with which contract was sold to the American public, it has lasted phenomenally long even now. It is only during the last several months that there have been unmistakable signs that the hey-day of the bridge experts is past, that the contract craze is on the wane. Only during that time have players been seen to desert their bridge tables, even as the ranks of the unemployed are becoming thinner; and if that is just one more sign that at last economic recovery has set in, the most should be made of it. For contract provides an excellent study, in miniature and along simple lines, of over-promotion, over-organization and even over-capitalization. And whereas people have long been agitated over the entrance of commercialism into the colleges through the football field, few have stopped to deplore the fact that the professional card player, with a heart of pure commercialism, gained admittance to the home by way of the bridge table.

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Contract can lay no claims to having created the card expert. He has been with us for decades, appearing first in the golden days of whist and remaining persistently on during the subsequent mutations of the game. Even as late as 1926 or 1927, when auction still reigned, he could be viewed in his favorite bridge club, a modest, unobtrusive, unacquisitive individual, earning a comfortable livelihood from the slow, but steady, sales of his books, from a lecture now and then and from his winnings in an occasional high-stake game.

What contract did was to bring into being a different type of expert, a man who, while his wizardry as a card player might justly be questioned, could never be accused of either undue modesty or unobtrusiveness. While the

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expert of yore was willing to let the public regard his favorite pastime as a "take-it-or-leave-it" matter, the new bridge master made it exceedingly difficult for some to take bridge and virtually impossible for them to leave it. Labeling himself as the card master of the ages, with virtually no regard for the truth of the matter, and belittling the virtues of his stodgy contemporaries, the expert impressed upon a believing public the notion that the person who couldn't play a good game of contract was socially maladjusted, mentally inferior, and even doomed to business failure. The person who could not play contract became an outcast from both the social and business worlds.

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In those halcyon days, bridge could be seen in all sorts of odd places. Tables were put in theaters so that early arrivals might have their rubber before viewing the current attraction; bridge cruises even to exotic points in the Caribbean were run; electric sign boards, on the order of baseball score boards, were invented to hold championship games in halls and theaters, and Jack Curley, the wrestling impresario, even thought at one time of putting a tournament on at Madison Square Garden and charging admission. One bought tins of cigarettes only to find in the top the latest of the bridge puzzles; with a tube of shaving cream came a difficult double-dummy problem of underruffing; and posted in haberdasheries, candy shops and even grocery stores were intricate studies in squeezes, end-plays and coups. Department stores hired renowned authorities to explain, in free lectures for the customers, the meaning of the demand bid. Scarcely a radio station considered its broadcasting day complete without having an authority on the air to discuss the weak no-trump, the strong overcall, the shut-out bid. Bridge clubs sprung up in mushroom growth. Resort trains carried their bridge cars; and business men rearranged their commuting schedules in order to be members of a congenial foursome. Before long no hotel in New York City could function without its contract establishment.

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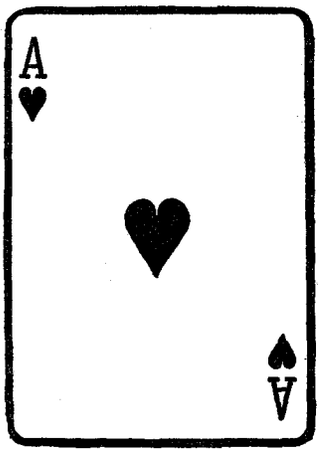
As bridge increased in popularity it also became a more expensive affair. The old parlor table, which used to do for auction, was replaced by a handsomely lacquered bridge table, with built-in ash trays, adjustable lamps and accessories for holding the drinks. Instead of one deck of cards, two were now necessary; instead of a scrap of paper, a special pad, giving the contract scoring, was needed. Gadgets for marking the position of the next deal were considered indispensable; table covers on which were written the quick-trick, honor-trick or probable-trick valuations of the experts were offered for sale; and finally, an electric shuffler, eliminating the extremely fatiguing labor of dealing by hand and avoiding the short but annoying waits between deals, was invented.

But such entailed only trifling expenditures. Although the market was glutted with bridge trinkets, the sale of which contributed many a pretty penny to the upkeep of the newly founded industry, it was for the written and spoken word of the expert that the contract-learning public paid and paid and paid. It is here that we run into the chief commodity of the bridge industrialist—the contract bidding system. And it is here that we discover the chief difference between the new contract expert and old whist or auction expert, a difference that makes the new authority, if not a more scientific card player, certainly a towering financial genius as compared to his easily satisfied forebears.



The auction and whist expert made little or no mention of system. The system became the staff of life of the contract expert. He christened it by his own name and proclaimed extravagant virtues for it. Going on the sure-fire assumption that the public can be convinced of almost anything upon sufficient and vociferous repetition, he pictured his system as being the only royal road to winning contract, the only way by which one could win with losing cards. And how could one become familiar with the nuances and the refinements of these marvelous, wonder-working methods? Only by listening to the expert's own lectures, by taking lessons from his registered, licensed teacher, who paid him, in turn, a yearly stipend, and by reading bridge volumes signed by himself but generally written by ghosts.

Formerly a bridge author was considered to have a phenomenally large following if he sold as many as 15,000 or 20,000 copies of his master work a year, but now the manuals of the new bridge expert went out from the publishing houses in carload lots. They sold as no other books had since the days of the great popularity of Harold Bell Wright. One of them, the famous treatise of Mr. Culbertson, headed the list of best-sellers for two years without interruption. Since Mr. Culbertson published the book himself, he also raked in the major share of the profits.

As the sales increased, bridge literature flourished. While in quondam days a bridge system was considered to have been quite thoroughly expounded in the course of a few hundred pages of text and diagrams, it was now recognized that no subject of such tremendous proportions could possibly be treated properly in one volume. Bridge systems began to boast of entire libraries. The volume of the expert invariably would serve as the source book, but almost any passage of it could be expanded into a volume in itself by the expert's obedient satellites.

Thick books on end-plays, voluminous tomes on the squeeze, lengthy treatises on distribution, were ground out of the bridge mill for the edification of an eager army of bridge readers. Mathematicians put their heads to figuring out averages and frequencies in bridge patterns, with the inevitable result that we began to be served with books *upon* books. Duplicate bridge produced its specialists, who wrote books describing the movements of a duplicate bridge game and the methods of the intricate match-point scoring.

Psychologists tried to reduce the human equation in bridge to a science, while inveterate psychic bidders attempted to show the novice, through the medium of the written word, how to bluff the holder of big hands into believing that actually he held nothing. There appeared bridge treatises written for young and old, for the advanced player and the beginner, for bidding and for playing, and one system was even analyzed, quite seriously, in Mother Goose rhymes.

The man who sold the idea of bridge systems to the

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American public and who thereby inspired such feverish publishing activity was Mr. Ely Culbertson. A promoter of no mean skill, a publicist who gauged his readers' reactions with unfailing accuracy, he saw the possibilities of contract when everybody else was still playing auction. He set out to create a big noise in the interest of his new found product. Few would deny that he succeeded.

He had no hesitation at all in poking fun at the claimed idiocies of his colleagues at the same time that he was boosting his own stock sky high; and while he was already on the road to fame when he engaged in battle royal with the fast declining Mr. Lenz, he reasoned correctly that a bitter quarrel or so, a few harsh calling of names here and there, would do him no harm. Even before he caught the public eye he subscribed to the fine old Shavian theory that it is better to be damned, no matter how loudly, than not to be talked about at all.

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It was Mr. Culbertson who really set the example for subsequent bridge experts to follow. Under his regime in contract the expert took on the glamour of a celebrity whose leave-takings and arrivals were accompanied invariably by ceremonial flourish. The expert became a distinguished figure in American life, giving interviews on love, life and the arts, calling upon Presidents while in Washington, dabbling a bit into charity and even being asked for an autograph.

For a time Mr. Culbertson enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the bridge business; his annual income, according to his own figures, at one time reaching the $300,000 mark. But bridge monopolies are hard to maintain. When it was perfectly apparent to anyone who knew the slightest thing about bridge that Mr. Culbertson was virtually coining money, there was a grand rush for the new gold mine. Rival systems entered the field in hordes. Where a few months before there were only a handful that could claim any general recognition, there were now literally dozens, each with its own respectable following.

As long as there were only one or two dominant systems, the bridge player's burden was an easy one to carry, but the load very soon became too heavy. And it is largely from the weight of too many systems that this house of cards has begun to collapse. Whereas the casual players used to feel that they could verse themselves in the peculiarities of one, or at most two, systems and be able thereby to gauge both a partner's and an opponent's hand, they now felt constrained to learn the rudiments of a half dozen if they were to understand the meaning of half the bids around the table. Even their own experts went back on them. Timing their new discoveries always with the advent of a new publishing season, the experts changed their ideas yearly, superimposing this or that convention, strengthening this or that bid.

As to what system was undeniably the best, only a super-super-expert, if such there be, could possibly answer. Certainly one would go amiss if one judged by the claims of the experts themselves, for their chief business was in claiming magic for their own methods at the same time that they belittled those of the other fellow.

While one expert claimed that the weak no-trump bid had been proved to be fallacious by scientific analysis, another would announce that the very same call, originated by him, had come through the rigid test of his bridge laboratory unscathed. One master would maintain that the weak overcall was never to be made, while another favored just such a bid for the very purpose of showing lack of strength. There would be one expert to declaim against all artificial bids, only at the next moment to have another recommending that all first bids should be strictly artificial. While one card genius announced that the proper opening lead against no-trump was the fourth best from the longest, strongest suit, another would advise the lead of the fifth best.

Testimony contradicted testimony, and since the bridge experts lay claim to infallibility, none of them seeing fit to admit, publicly or privately, that he has a superior in the world of cards, the innocent card player was more or less bewildered. While the natural thing to do would have been to study the methods of the undisputed bridge champion of the country, bridge records are so spurious in this country that there is simply no telling who that champion may be.

The so called national championship matches, as conducted in the East, can properly be called neither national, nor championship, affairs. Instead of one, big, conclusive, national tournament in which the players who finish with definite ratings of the year might participate, there are now six or seven rival national tournaments, the winners of each of which wear the same crowns. Furthermore, there are usually six, or eight, events to every tournament, from the ladies' pair match to the big team-of-four tournament, and the winner of each is again able to call himself a national champion. Anyone who attends tournaments year in and year out can scarcely fail, one of these bright days, to fall heir to a national championship title.

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This Babel of systems, in its very essence a pure case of over-production, has left the poor, ordinary card player confused and stunned. Contract was never, at best, a particularly simple game. To have it over-refined, over-complicated, over-conventionalized, spoils the game for many. Whereas the player who took up contract for the sake of pure enjoyment might have become a steady player, he now finds there is simply too much work and too much formal education in the game. With their highly specialized language, the experts have spoken to him in a foreign tongue, and he has become a deserter to their cause.

He is no longer listening to their radio talks, no longer attending their clubs, no longer buying their latest books. Already the card masters are feeling his desertion keenly and are ordering drastic retrenchments. The bridge gadget business has flopped, the books are now having only a modest sale and radio advertisers have canceled their contracts with the experts. And pinochle decks, instead of bridge decks, are being sold once more. Even that high-priestess of the game, Mrs. Culbertson, in a late issue of her husband's magazine, admits that the tide is turning, that people are turning to other games, seeking other forms of diversion.

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Working Again!

Anonymous

Working again! The joys of this Seventh Heaven of any depression are described by this anonymous author who still possesses some recollections of time spent in employment agencies.

OCTOBER 1, 1933.

Here I am again, in an office, surrounded by the symbols of security. Within easy reach are the telephone, my shorthand note-book, and five pencils of the correct sharpness. And next Friday there will be a pay-check, half of which I have already spent.

I have a feeling that I have always been here. Yet for the last twelve months jobs have been few and far between. The trudging from agency to agency seems unreal, and it will be with a cruelly light heart that I stop to buy a pencil from the unemployed man on the corner on my way home. (Is it possible that I shall soon be saying: "He could probably get a job if he really tried"?)

Just a year ago I lost the job which I had held for nearly two years. It had happened before—in 1929—so I knew just how to curtail expenses, and just how to go about that most grueling of tasks—job-hunting. The agencies. . . . I know them all. . . .

Commercial employment agencies in New York City have two adornments—a copy of the rules and regulations governing them, and a sign urging applicants not to confine their job-seeking to the first day of the week. In some of the offices, flowers and plants relieve the drabness; in others, discolored walls and ill-swept floors and dingy curtains offer a dismal prospect; in many, the number of chairs provided is woefully inadequate. The applicants line the walls and stand in the hall, the more impatient ones pushing through the crowd to cluster about the desks of the interviewers.

It requires some effort even to achieve registration in most of the agencies. With no money coming in, the investors in what was once a lucrative field begrudge electricity for proper lighting, and in not a few blanks to be filled out and filed away and forgotten are not lightly given out. Appear often enough, however, and one finally is enrolled, told not to telephone, and asked if a wire sent collect will be paid for.

Once registered, one must become a veritable pest. The dispensers of jobs will either be annoyed into sending one on jobs, or will admire the persistence and try to help. It is tragic to go to the wrong agency first and miss a job by a minute, but it can't be helped. There is no need to send for people to fill a job when forty persons eager for any work are within call.

I learned not to go to an agency at eleven o'clock on Monday mornings. Fortified by a pleasant week-end, or made desperate by a cheerless and moneyless one, girls and women rush in to snap up any jobs that may have come in. You may believe yourself to be a capable person, but you are oh! so humble on Monday morning before the august personage who idly thumbs a card, eyeing you and debating whether or not to send you (with ten others) to apply for a particular position.

But ordinarily there is no card-thumbing. Generally, one's day is taken up with walking, and a process server's calls could be no better arranged than ours to avoid unnecessary pavement-pounding. At first the purpose of all this system is to find a job; later it becomes a mere gesture to be gone through with to earn the right to stop for the day. A few minutes after walking into a building which houses three or four agencies, one is out again, dismissed from each office by a gesture of negation, a scrawled sign, or an emphatic "Nothing today, girls;" or "Anybody got a portable? Got a job for a girl with a portable!" Then on to the next building, and the next, and the next. A ride down-town, and the process is repeated in that district. (My first purchase when my next Depression overtakes me will be a pedometer to record my wanderings in search of a job. If a social worker says, "But have you really *looked* for a job?" I can proudly produce the evidence, in metered form, of those wanderings.)

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Applicants learn to carry about with them a book, or a newspaper (open at the classified advertisements section), to read during the interminable waits. Cheap novels, or classics, or textbooks, according to the varied tastes of the readers, are carried from place to place and perused listlessly.

For the most part, salaries are no consideration. A job of any kind is the great desideratum. A spirit of camaraderie brings the girls together in whispering groups, all discussing the same thing. One talks with one's neighbor about her experiences and hears bits of conversation, through which runs the leit motif—the Depression. "Are things getting better?" . . . "I came way in from Jersey City and the job was already filled." . . . "You can't

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even get temporary work now." . . . "They're awfully nice at the X Agency, but they haven't any jobs." . . . "The papers say it will get worse instead of better." . . . "My sister's husband has been out for two years now. . . ." The lethargy, and the inattention to anything beyond the present task, are overwhelming, and contagious.

One day a girl came into an agency where I was waiting to receive the usual, "Sorry. Nothing at all today." She was well dressed, cheerful, obviously on her first round of the agencies. She reached the desk ahead of me, and I was next in line when she was interviewed.

"Of course I won't take less than thirty-five dollars a week," I heard her remark.

I gasped. The personnel manager commented that for many months she had not heard of a job paying more than twenty dollars. She would, however, "keep her in mind" if anything suitable came up.

The girl walked out airily.

"She'll learn!" the girl next to me grunted.

But I rather envied her for her self-confidence, or stupidity, that prompted this refusal to accept less than what she thought she was worth.

There was one other girl, too, who thought she was worth a living wage. Straight from college, she demanded not only a wage on which she could live decently, but an interesting job to boot! She is probably home now, engaged to the boy next door, or helping Dad in his hardware business—possibly both, since the boy friend may be out of work, too.

One soon begins to see the same faces day after day. Now in one agency, now in another. One can always tell when a large organization has "let people go," for there are scores of new faces in the agencies. Girls filling out application blanks look a little more hopeful than they will in a few weeks—or months. They have heard tales of unemployment, but they are inclined to think that with their experience and ability they can command a salary of, say, twenty-five dollars a week. They are disposed to turn down temporary jobs, in the expectation of landing permanent ones by dint of concentrated effort for a few days, or for a few weeks.

One day, in response to a notice of a job I received in the mail, I went hopefully to the address of an up-town agency. A crowd of men filled the small hall, clustered about the elevators and overflowed into the street. Finally I reached my floor. Scores of men of all ages were packed tightly into the available space in front of the closed door of the agency.

"What job is this for?" I directed my query to a well dressed man of about thirty-five.

"Doorman job. Ran an ad in Sunday's paper. I've never been a doorman, but I got here first—at 8:15—so maybe I'll land it."

We waited. The day was warm, and the elevator continued to bring new groups, most of them remaining, until there was room for no more.

The first man spoke to me, raising his voice to be heard above the sounds of the good-natured, restless corridor-full of people.

"I just came from the West. They're hard hit out there now too."

I agreed that one place was probably as bad as another, or at least that no city was well enough off to justify one's leaving any city to get there.

We continued to wait.

"I had a farm once," the Man Who Was First volunteered.

"Chuck it?"

"No. It chucked me. Bad weather ruined the crops, two years. Hawks got the chickens. Then I got sick. Then the mortgage. . . . Oh well. . . ."

"What have you been doing since then?"

"Drove a bus for a while. Rotten pay. They worked us on shifts. Sometimes we'd work double shifts, and one night I went to sleep and we ran off the road. Nobody hurt much. But I got fired. . . ."

We could think of nothing more to say, and stood silent. It was getting warmer, and stuffier.

"There she comes now!" Voices passed the word along.

Somehow the way was cleared for the owner of the agency. She lost no time in telling me the job had been filled, and ushered in the five men nearest the door (my bus-driver-farmer, two boys of eighteen or so, an oldish man and one other). Some forty would-be wage earners made their way out in silence. Ahead of them—another line, a false lead or two, and then home.

One girl whom I met in an agency said she had not been paid for two weeks; and she had just been told to take a vacation without pay for two more weeks. She received little attention, because technically she still had a job. "I'll lie about it next time," she told me as she went out.

That was necessary sometimes. I became adept at "shifting emphasis" in relating my experience to prospective bosses.

When an employer, for $12 a week, wants a "private secretary" who can do everything a $40 "private secretary" was accustomed to do in boom days (plus twice as much over-time), a young college graduate with five years' experience, and no limit to the qualifications required, you automatically assume the attitude that the employer is out to gyp, so you decide to do a little bluffing and get the job. You've never seen a stencil before in your life? Nevertheless, for present purposes, you are a rapid and accurate stencil-cutter. In like manner, you can operate a Monitor switch-board; transcribe from an Ediphone or Dictaphone; keep a set of books (you know vaguely what double entry is); rent apartments; sell advertising; meet the public; type 2,000 envelopes a day; understand medical terminology; re-write. You have majored in Economics, English, Romance Languages, Chemistry—according to the job for which you are applying. You have done so much work in each subject that you begin to think you should have an M.A., at least. You have worked for a plumbing contractor (in another city). For a law firm (since dissolved). For a renting agency (no longer in business). For a shipping company (all of the records of which were destroyed in a fire).

Well, here I am! I can see the back of the NRA poster stuck in the window. My carefully compiled agency list lies in the waste-basket, badly crumpled. My rent is paid, and I have my eye on a knock-out fall coat around the corner in a Fifth Avenue shop. Good-bye, Depression! But *maybe* I'd better open a savings account. . . .

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Today's Bread; Tomorrow's Shelter

By John R. Ellingston

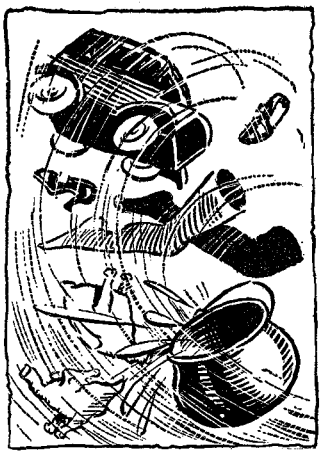
Only half of America's 122,000,000 residents are properly housed. John R. Ellingston discusses this problem as the Public Works Housing Division is preparing to tackle it.

FOR today's bread, ten million unemployed Americans need jobs; for tomorrow's security and self-respect, they and their thirty million dependents need in addition something most of them never have known—adequate housing. Unless this is made available to them, the higher wages and increased leisure envisioned by the "New Deal" may be largely wasted in the perishables and vanities that absorbed our rapidly expanding incomes during the World War and in the crimson decade from which we have just emerged.

Necessity is driving us at last to pay housing the respect due its dominant influence on our physical and spiritual existence. Modern people, particularly city dwellers, do not live in nature; they live in houses. Housing is, therefore, a world within the world. It is an artificial climate and environment which can either free us from the limitations of external nature, or condemn us to a bondage that, in its worst manifestations, is far harsher than the cold winds or bare fields of nature—the bondage of disease, insanity, crime and complete spiritual defeat.

It follows from this fact that a people's standard of living is determined primarily not by the food it eats (beyond the essentials for subsistence), not by the clothes it wears, not even by the minimum of education it enjoys; its standard is fixed principally by its housing. Any other base—money in the bank, stocks and bonds, high wages—is deceptive, evanescent, a pillar of sand that can fall in the night and leave us destitute.

None has more powerful reason to know this than ourselves, whose recent aggressive pride in national opulence was founded on automobiles per family, silk stockings per working girl and chickens per family pot. The first strong wind of economic maladjustment blew all these false footings away and revealed the true measure of our material well-being — our housing. Our standard of living can be no higher than our standard of housing. We are now faced with the realization that both are low.



The human misery associated with the Depression dissipates illusions, and the truth about our housing is pouring out in a growing volume of facts, figures and detailed descriptions. Summarized, these data reveal that not more than half of this country's 122,000,000 people occupy dwellings that encourage, or even permit, health and decency and peace of mind, to say nothing of mental and spiritual growth, or social responsibility and content. The shelter of the other sixty-odd millions imposes upon them a physical and spiritual handicap that turns the American boast of "equal opportunity for all" into a rather bitter—and dangerous—jest.

If proof is needed, let the fortunately placed American look beyond his own doors, beyond the doors of his neighbors and intimates, beyond the bright ads of chromium-plated kitchens in his favorite magazines, at and into the homes he passes every day but never sees. Let him test these homes against a list of the bare physical essentials of adequate housing—reasonable safety, light from the open sky and fresh air for every room, running water and sewerage, enough space for personal privacy. Let him forget for the moment the luxuries of central heating, electric lighting, hot water, or the touch of charm that relieves the drabness.

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Let him apply these elemental standards to the thousands of seemingly respectable, though slightly rundown, brick, and frame, and brownstone fronts that circle the business heart of all our larger cities; to most of the endless rows of fourteen- and twenty-foot brick boxes that imprison the streets of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; to the shoe-box dwellings of New Orleans; to the wooden three-deckers of Boston; to the faked bungalows of the Mississippi Valley; to the rows of wooden fire-traps, often on unpaved streets, in certain sections of New York, and a hundred other cities; to the shanties that line the railroad approaches of every city from Los Angeles to Portland, Maine; to the hundreds of company towns that house the coal miners, and textile workers, and steel mill operatives of the nation. In these millions of homes he will find blind rooms, a single hall toilet for many families, or outside toilet facilities, and outside water supply, or three and more people per room. He will find that they differ only in degree from the dumbbell and railroad tenements of Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York and their sister cities, which house from three to thirteen human beings in a single room, which provide a single hall toilet for two to ten families, or, worse still, as in Cincinnati, an outside toilet. (Seventy per cent

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of the 5,993 flats in that city's "Basin" district have only outside toilet facilities, each used by any number of families up to ten. The condemned Old Law Tenements of New York City with their 200,000 windowless rooms still house 1,800,000 American citizens.)

Finally, let this fortunate American take his elemental housing tests into the countryside, into the six million farm homes of the United States. He will find that less than one out of six (994,000 according to the 1930 Census) have water piped into the house. Even over-crowding is not an urban monopoly. In one Montana county studied by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, forty per cent of the homes were of one room. In a tenant-farmer area of Mississippi, ten per cent of the white families slept four and five per bedroom, eleven per cent, six or more per bedroom. In such homes frequently the windows are not even glassed to keep out the weather.

Such are the homes, not of human derelicts, but of half our citizens, most of the men and women who toil in factories, mines and mills, the shop workers and clerks of our cities, the laborers and even the majority of farmers and craftsmen of the nation. Obviously, these homes are not all in slums or blighted areas, but in varying degree they lack the essentials of healthful and decent living.

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Why do so many of our worthiest citizens live in such homes? Because most of them have no choice. They cannot afford better. Even in normal times the highest income received by two thirds of our 30,000,000 families was $2,000. The majority did not reach $1,500, and an appalling number fell below $1,000. Long experience has proved that no family can afford to buy a house costing more than twice its annual income, nor pay more than twenty per cent of its income for rent. In any so called normal year, what kind of house would $2,000 or even $3,000 buy in any American city? We know from building statistics and the investigations made by a national committee of architects in 1931 that practically no new dwellings and certainly no desirable types of houses have been constructed in recent years at costs within the means of two thirds of our population. The majority of Americans, therefore, live in dwellings rejected as outworn by the more fortunate minority.

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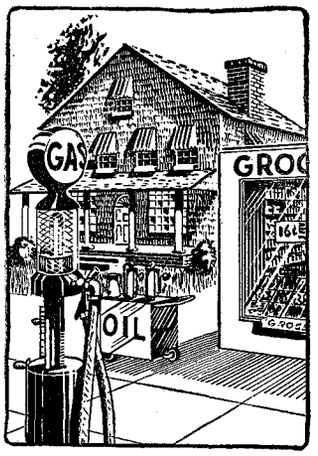
Moreover, the housing of this more fortunate minority is by no means all good. Much of it is characterized by shoddy construction, exorbitantly priced. The cost of financing is too high and the risk to the home owner such as to lead him into disaster with every recurrence of hard times. Current statistics showing more than 200,000 home foreclosures a year is the proof of this. Now the fault, as we study the situation, is largely the lack of plan in our cities. This lack exposes the home owner to depreciation of his investment, to the encroachment of apartments, stores and gas stations, which makes his home less desirable, and gradually destroys the value of the original investment. His home and his neighborhood are often cramped for air and space, robbed of privacy and quiet. In the larger cities, especially, increasing numbers of well-to-do people are being forced into multi-family dwellings and deprived of the strength and satisfactions that come to men who have their roots in the soil and in the community.

Where is the American home owner or renter—resident of Park Avenue or Grand Street, of Middletown or Centerville — whose housing is not the victim of some, or all, of these handicaps? We shall be hard put to it to discover him. The inescapable truth is that we have neglected housing and that in so doing we have missed the main tent; we have got lost in the sideshows. It is clear that if we wish to alter the destinies of men for the better we must alter that physical factor which more than any other controls those destinies. It is clear that a broader distribution of the rewards of industry and social effort must soon reflect in better housing if the "New Deal" is to have a full and permanent meaning.



It will not be sufficient to restore employment and increase wages, trusting that economic forces will automatically transform these larger incomes into better housing. The reason is simple. Urban housing is not the product of the individual. *It is the product of the community.* Something more than money is needed to produce it, and higher wages will help the unaided individual but little. If the housing foundations of our society are to be reinforced, society will have to take a hand in the doing of it.

This proposition can be put to a simple test. Suppose we continue to leave the average family to provide its own housing unaided. We pay John Jones, who is a factory operative in Fall River (a printer in downtown New York, a machinist in Pittsburgh, a coal miner in Birmingham, a sugar-mill hand in Denver, a motorman in San Francisco, or a department store clerk in Seattle), a higher wage. He is any one of millions of our people, who, with the struggle for a bare existence eased, yearns to get their families out of the small flat with its blind rooms, or the tenement with its hall toilet, or the wooden shack on the muddy street.

Naturally, Jones wants to be near his work, so he first looks around in his present neighborhood. All the land is covered with dwellings that offer accommodations no better than he seeks to escape. Suppose the area to be one of small houses, and that John Jones's increased pay permits him to buy and remodel an existing dwelling into a home with sufficient rooms and sanitary conveniences. Will that deliver him from the stench of his unregenerate neighbor's backyard, or from the fire hazard of the adjoining row, or his windows from the shadow of the too closely crowded buildings next door? Will it deliver his children from the traffic dangers of the street play-space? A dwelling is the slave of its surroundings. A well built, well kept house on a slovenly street is doomed. It can no more be healthy there than a dahlia can be healthy in a salt marsh. No man alone can provide himself adequate housing in a slum, or blighted area.

Neither, usually, can his landlord. John Jones is probably a tenant and dependent for the quality of his housing upon what he can rent. Suppose an enterprising and public-spirited builder undertakes to replace the outworn tenement in which John Jones lives with a modern multi-family house, covering only forty per cent of its lot instead of the 80 per cent the present building occupies, and yet

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to rent at the modest price that is all John can afford to pay even with his increased income. The builder's first troubles are with the land. He finds it valued not on the basis of the only use for which it is in demand—namely as a site for low-rent housing—but on the basis of hypothetical occupancy by a modern skyscraper. That is the national habit of thought, predicated on the continued growth of our cities. Business or industry will never want most of the present slum or blighted area land, yet we continue to value it on the expectation that it will. What is even more serious, the city government has consolidated that valuation by high assessments and taxes.

After the high-land value obstacle, which, before a single brick is laid, puts the cost of the new building dangerously high, the builder discovers that he has to pay gold-mine prices for the existing building. It may be a dumbbell tenement, sixty years old, a fire trap and a menace to health that ought to be condemned, and it may have earned its capital value twenty times over, yet it is still held at its replacement cost and the builder has to pay that for it and add the sum to the cost of his new housing. That, also, is our national practice.

Finally, even if the developer completes his new building, and John Jones can afford to rent a flat in it, he finds that he has not escaped from many of the evils of slum housing. Good housing is made by neighborhoods, not by individual buildings.

John Jones's alternative is to seek the edges of the city. This means at best the fatigue and the cost of a long daily ride to his work—a cost which must be taken out of the quality of the house. Incidentally, this escape to the edges is becoming decreasingly desirable, or even possible. It is an illusory escape, for the edge is a traveling, rather than a static, edge; and people are constantly climbing over one another to reach it. In doing so they leave behind them an ever-growing ash of blighted areas unable to pay for their own paving and water and sewerage. High taxes and bankrupt cities will soon compel the economic use of in-town areas. Nevertheless, John moves out. He finds that the subdivider has preceded him and milked the land of a profit it will probably never justify, but which he has to pay. In order to do so, he accepts the subdivider's twenty-foot lot, the narrowness of which condemns his house to the blind rooms he sought to escape. Also, he cannot afford the paving and sewers the subdivider neglected to supply, and his new home ultimately proves to be little better and much less handy than the one he escaped.

From these facts but one conclusion can be drawn: the average man, unaided, cannot provide himself with adequate housing. It is not solely, or even primarily, a question of money; it is a question of complexity.

Urban housing is more than four walls and a roof—more, that is, than a question of design and construction. (That, incidentally, is why the mass production of low-cost factory-built metal houses will not alone solve the problem, will, in fact, if left to itself, only aggravate some of its worst aspects, such as slums and blighted areas, neighborhood instability and incongruity, high taxes and high land values.) Urban housing is more than a problem of financing and mortgages, more than a problem of transforming farm land into building lots. It is all these things together and much else besides. The urban home is a cell in an organic whole, dependent for health and even existence upon its neighbors; on streets and transportation and sewers and water mains and light conduits; on the industry and commerce that supply employment for its occupants; on the local government that fixes taxation and provides protection in police regulations, building codes and zoning laws; on the community traditions and practices that determine such matters as land values and land development. Housing is, in fact, *the* city, or eighty per cent of it, in proportion both of the area occupied and of capital wealth represented.

It follows inevitably that no force less representative, or less powerful, than the city can insure the provision of adequate housing. The implications of this conclusion are less revolutionary in practice than in thought. Necessity has already forced our cities to exert a large measure of control over housing—through building codes, through sanitary regulations, through city planning and zoning ordinances. We have, however, submitted, with good or ill grace, to all these types of social control without modifying in the slightest our archaic attitude towards housing which is that responsibility for, and control over, his housing belongs to the individual alone. This attitude is a carry-over from the days of the log-cabin when the pioneer hewed his home out of the forest and had to walk a day to reach his nearest neighbor. It is the principal bulwark of bad housing in this country. Our first job is to change it, to win universal recognition of the fact that the provision of adequate housing to all its productive members is a major responsibility of organized society.

This does not mean that government will have to step in and build all the urban homes of the future. It does mean, however, that government will have to control the layout and uses of land; determine the relation of home areas to industry and to commercial sections; regulate the proportion of the lot to be covered by buildings and the height to which they may go, and, consequently, control the size and shape of lots. It means that government will have to see that suitable land for housing at reasonable prices is provided, and that all housing is properly serviced with public utilities. Also it means that government will have to insure an adequate supply of funds for home financing at rates people can afford to pay.

These are by no means all of the duties with regard to housing that must devolve on our municipal, state and Federal governments in the future, but they illustrate the type of general aid and control of all housing that is necessary. Given this sort of governmental assistance the great majority of families will be able to pay for their own housing.

There remains the special problem of the slum. We will save ourselves much running in circles and vain beating of empty bushes if we bow at once to the necessity for government aid in slum clearance. Private enterprise and private philanthropy have signally failed. They cannot afford to pay the high land costs and the indemnities demanded for old buildings and they have not the authority needed to assemble land units. In mere physical scope the job is too big for them, and it is growing bigger and more menacing each year.

However, it is no longer necessary to make a plea for government aid in slum clearance; that is already being extended through the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration. It is a striking comment on our upturned world that this step, which five years ago would have loosed an avalanche of protest, is now scarcely noticed. It is none the less big with meaning and promise

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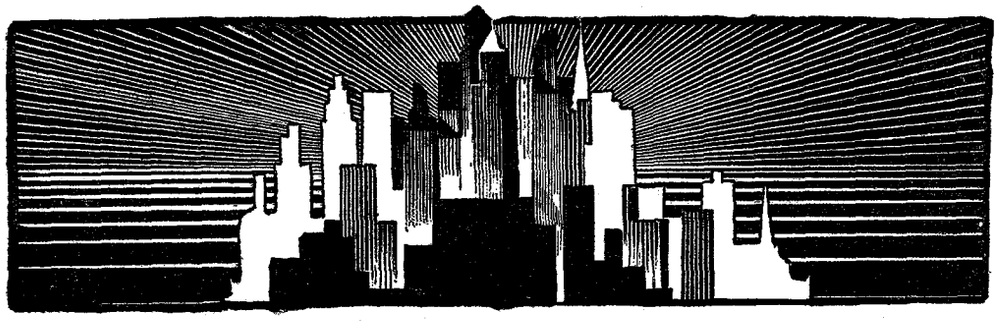
for the future of housing. For it permits the Federal government to set up in all parts of the country sample areas of rehabilitated slums. These will serve as models for municipal governments to follow and demonstrate an effective technique for collaboration between public and private funds. One illustration is always worth a thousand pages of exhortation. More important still, these model projects should reveal to our cities that the public funds spent in clearing out slums are, in a measure, saved in decreased expenditures for police and fire protection, for public health and for the upkeep of streets and other utilities in slum areas.

Finally, the emergency work of the Housing Division opens the door to the same sort of effective governmental guidance and leadership in housing that has been provided in the production of food for a hundred years by the Department of Agriculture. It is amazing that it should have taken the Government nearly a century longer to realize its responsibility and opportunity for leadership in the production of shelter. Biologically, shelter is almost as vital as food, and socially, it is of much greater importance. Its production, especially in cities and if it is to be of acceptable standard, is far more complex and difficult to achieve.

We do not yet know surely how to provide adequate housing in our cities. Our generation knows, for example, just about as much of the principles underlying the relationship between the house and the neighborhood as the farmer of 1800 knew of the relationship between soil and plant—rather less, perhaps. The rule-of-thumb and tradition guide us in housing as they guided our ancestor in farming. We need more information—on scientific house plans adapted to different climates and environments, on land subdivision, on new materials, on methods of appraisal, on a thousand other pertinent questions. That means extensive research. We need to apply and test what information we have, and that means widespread education. It means also the immensely difficult task of leading a hundred independent interests, trades and professions to coöperative action.

The entire inchoate building industry with its many uncoördinated elements will have to be organized. What force less than the Federal government can be expected to accomplish so vast a task? What force less disinterested and powerful can be expected to solve peacefully and successfully the present ruinous jurisdictional disputes among the many building trades unions? What other force can we look to for the educational program that will change the national habits of thought on land values and values of worn out buildings? For better housing, government leadership is indispensable.

In the remolding of our economic structure which the crisis has made necessary, to forget housing would be to forget a cornerstone. Out of the emergency Public Works Housing Division must grow a permanent Federal Housing Administration.



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The March of Youth into Farming

By Aaron Hardy Ulm

One farm surplus which cannot be "plowed under" is the youth coming to maturity on farms. Aaron H. Ulm discusses the problem of this surplus which may reach a total of 2,000,000 in this decade.

THERE is one farm surplus which cannot be plowed under, or otherwise be disposed of easily. It is the most important, and at the same time the most difficult of any easy solution. It is that of youths and the farm, and its presence may greatly confuse the carrying out of the principal plan for controlling and eliminating other farm surpluses. For, as conditions are today youths reaching maturity on farms must stick, in general, to farming, and there are already more of them than are needed for normal replacement.

This year, for example, about 600,000 youths are reaching the starting out "on their own" stage on American farms. They are marrying, setting up households, starting families, and beginning to establish themselves as adults. But not more than 350,000 of their elders will provide room for them by dying, or retiring. Normally non-farm life would absorb over 200,000 of this year's "crop" of starting-out farm youths. Now, however, the cities cannot provide for all of their own youths. So the "surplus" of farm youths must stay on the farms, at least for the present.

A "surplus" of 200,000 to 250,000 young men and women in a farm population of over 30,000,000 is not a staggering one. But there were similar surpluses last year and the year before and the year before that, and there will be others during the next eight to ten years. In the period of 1930-40 there are coming to maturity on American farms over 2,000,000 more youths than will be needed, as adults, to keep the American farming establishment on the basis that it was in 1929. If all become farmers, the number of farms is almost certain to increase 10 to 15 per cent by the year 1940. And farm acreage and production are likely to increase correspondingly.

Of course all of those 2,000,000 "surplus" youths won't set up in farming and many of their elders will quit farming for other pursuits. But a great many similar youths and also many adults will return to farming. The shifts to farming which have occurred in the last four years have rather augmented than lessened the problem.

Those shifts have added nearly 1,000,000 persons to the farm population. Migration to farms and increase in farm population were much larger than that; and in addition there have been the natural increase in farm population. The large part of the net gain by farms on account of migration was owing to young men and women returning to farm life.

In starting out in life "on their own" most youngsters on farms or elsewhere merely step into places vacated by older persons, as growing children do in homes and schools. A perfect illustration of the process is that of a farm being handed on from generation to generation of the same family.

In the past in the United States there never has been a sufficiency of such "vacated" places, in farming or other spheres, to provide havens for all members of ever larger new generations. Hence a large proportion of every new generation had to depend, for placement as adults, upon increase in the total of all places. This total increased rather constantly. This was because of continuous and, usually, rapid economic expansion, which in turn was owing in much part to fast increase in population. More farms and factories and stores were needed to meet the needs of more people and the setting up of them provided starting-out opportunities for youngsters.

Between 1900 and 1925 the number of maturing youths in this country increased much less rapidly than did population as a whole. The period was the hey day of American youth; for, generally speaking, places for them multiplied faster than did the increase of youth. The statistical background of this is rather complex but it has to do mostly with the birth rate and immigration. Since about 1925 the number of maturing youths has increased much faster than the total population. This is because of great decline in the birthrate and checked immigration.

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It is some time since American farming was able to absorb all of its young folk. But down to about 1920 it was able to absorb more of them than were needed for mere replacement of elders. Between 1920 and 1930 American farming did not absorb a sufficiency of young men and women to replace those older farm folk who died or retired. Since 1929 the equivalent of all maturing farm youth has backed up, so to speak, in the farming section of the national economy. And that accumulation of youth has been added to somewhat by the back-to-the-farm drift of people.

In 1930, census figures show, there were on American

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farms a total of 3,490,584 persons 25 to 34 years old. To this group there belonged most of the persons who set up newly "on their own" in farming during the 1920's. Now if all persons who, as 15- to 24-year olds were on American farms in 1920 had remained in farming there would have been a total of about 5,250,000 25- to 34-year old persons on American farms in 1930. From that group alone there was a drift from farming to non-farming life of about 1,800,000 persons in the 1920's. Persons in that age group constituted about one-third of the net drift of people from farms to towns and cities in the 1920's. The drift from that group was about 400,000 greater than the corresponding one had been in the period of 1910-19. The difference is enough to account for the fact that the number of farm units in the country fell off a good deal in the 1920's after having increased materially during the preceding ten years.

In 1930 there were 5,855,210 persons 15 to 24 years on American farms, or about 125,000 more than there were in 1920. It is the group from which most of the beginners in farming will come during this decennial period. Unless off-setting havens in non-farming life evolve, some 2,000,000 more of that group will set up "on their own" in farming than did those of the corresponding group in the 1920's. The only alternative will be idleness and dependency.

There won't be "vacated" places in farm life for them nor for all of other groups who, as conditions are, will go into farming. Those who in 1930 were 15 to 24 years old are now 19 to 28 years old. Most of them are likely to go into farming more or less "on their own." For this the Depression has eased the way in many respects. It takes much less of cash and credit to get started in farming now than it did in more prosperous times.

The youngest members of that group are much more numerous than the oldest. For example, the 19-year olds total about 700,000; the 28-year olds about 400,000. Those starting out annually on their own will increase in number until those in the lower ranks of the group reach that stage. Of course farm youths, like other kinds, start out "on their own" at different ages, but the average age at which they do so is about the same at all times. Hence if all therein now remain in farm life, the number going "on their own" will increase until those now 19 to 20 years old have reached the average starting out age.

Between two and three million of such youths must add to places occupied in farm life or elsewhere. Will there be places for them elsewhere? This depends upon the course of things in non-farm life. There is a large rural life that is not *of the farm*. It is that which functions in villages, many of them suburban, and that which performs non-farming rural activities like teaching, doctoring, preaching and store-keeping. That life as a whole is well-supplied with youngsters. It is the only one of the three biggest sections of the population in which people are well balanced with respect to age-groups. But that life is too varied to warrant generalizations about the future opportunity therein for youth. There is reason, however, to assume that it offers little by way of refuge to "surplus" youths now maturing on farms.

What about urban life?

In general it seems that economic room for starters-out in urban life is narrowing. Urban employment of persons under 16 years old fell off about 50 per cent in the 1920's, and it is probable that that of other youngsters up to 20 years old also fell off greatly. Only about 25 per cent of boys between 17 and 18 years old in cities were reported as "gainfully occupied" when the last census was taken. Some of the falling off in the employment of youngsters was because of child labor and compulsory school attendance laws. But much of it was owing to a receding need for the services of youngsters in cities. Statistics show that the need also has receded greatly in farming quarters.

Shortening of work days and weeks in urban industries should, by creating more jobs, be helpful to youths in the starting-out stages. But it is doubtful if the cities as a whole will have to draw workers from rural districts until —and if—urban industries attain a level of activity at least equal to that of 1929, or until time, or other influences, removes the present oversupply of people 25 to 50 years old now in the urban section of the population.

Meantime there comes to the fore a generation of maturing youths who were born when the birth rate was relatively high. This year about 2,250,000 of them will achieve adulthood. This compares with about 1,850,000 who attained adulthood in 1923. With allowance for population growth since 1923, those youths are "excessive" in extent of about 200,000. So was last year's maturing group and that of each of several preceding years, and so will be that of each of the next eight to ten years.

The one now maturing—that is the one 12 to 25 years old—will be "excessive" in some 2,500,000 extent; and much the greater part of that excess is on farms, and the present prospect is that most of the persons who are of that excess will stay on the farms.

What if they do? It will mean that the number of farms and farm households, farm population, and probably farm production, will increase during the next eight to ten years.

But with farm product surpluses already a major problem how can those young men and women make a go of it in agriculture? They can make a go of it chiefly because they are young and, as a rule, won't be under heavy burdens of family expenses and overhead costs. Cheap land and equipment make it easier for beginners in farming to get going and establish themselves now than was the case in more prosperous times. It in all probability will make life harder for older farmers, but those youngsters who know what they are about will get along in farming probably better than did their fathers at a like stage twenty or thirty years ago. And farm youngsters now maturing probably know their way around in farming much better than did any of their forerunners. This is because they are better trained.

Increase in cotton acreage in the South this year was in part a result of an increasing number of young men and women going "on their own" in farming. The surplus of youth on farms is more pronounced in the South than in other sections. On Tennessee farms in 1930 there were about twice as many 15- to 19-year olds as there were 25- to 29-year olds. On Georgia farms there were almost two and a half times as many in the first as in the second group. In Iowa the first group outnumbered the second by about one-third. Its local incidences vary much but the surplus of youth today is spread throughout all the farm population of the country and any program of farm relief, or long-time national policy as to agriculture, which does not take account of maturing youth on farms, is likely to run into unexpected difficulties.

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Outlook Book Choice of the Month

Reviewed by Robert Cantwell

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Translated by Walter de Steigner. $3.00. 295 pages. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company.

THIS UNUSUAL BOOK can be fairly approached from half a dozen angles. It is a picture of life in Lower California in the period when Lower California was the remote outpost of the Spanish Empire, but it is also an engaging adventure story with a twelve-year old boy for its hero; it is a collection of native myths and legends, but it is also a factual work of history; it is a detailed description of the methods of early colonial expansion and at the same time an encyclopedia of desert lore. A brief account of the author's method may illustrate how these different aspects of the book have been fused. Senor Antonio de Fierro Blanco takes his hero, Don Juan Obregon, or Juan Colorado—so called from the color of his hair—on his hundredth birthday, when according to custom he is expected to describe what he has seen in the century, and to tell what he has learned from life. Juan Colorado is the son of a Spanish woman and an Irish wanderer named O'Brien; he has wit, a vast fund of experience and homely information, a knowledge of people and history and a gift for phrases, and it is his long, wandering account that makes up the book. As a narrative device, this method is much more successful than such attempts usually are, for it permits the author to bolster up his slight story with digressions that are good enough to stand as little independent essays.

The story is simply a record of a journey which Juan made, in the train of Inspector General Don Firmin Sanhudo, from the tip of Lower California to San Francisco in the year 1810. Don Firmin, armed with the powers of the King of Spain, was to decide whether Spain could retain her American colonies; consequently his investigation took him into the ruined and flourishing missions, led to observations on the conditions of the Indians and the local governments and promoted inquiry into the causes of the decline of the Spanish rule. Juan happened to have killed a church robber and was being threatened by the robber's brothers when Don Firmin came along, so that his joining the train was in the nature of a respectable flight. Aside from this robber killing, his adventures were not particularly sensational: there was an encounter with vicious officials, a battle with Indians, a trip to the place where a holy man died, a visit to an Indian witch doctor's cave, but that was almost all. The steady, plodding progress of the train was the real adventure, and the minute details of day by day existence are visualized with an extraordinary clarity. "The Journey of the Flame" communicates the difficulties and the hazards of primitive travel more fully than any book I know. Though it is generally romantic, there is no romanticism in Juan's descriptions of the heat, of the problems of food and water, of the ceaseless vigilance demanded if mules are to be properly managed, or of thousands of other technicalities of desert travel.

Nor is Juan romantic in his politics. The Jesuits founded a great and flourishing chain of missions throughout the three Californias in the seventy years following 1697, carried on mining and intensive cultivation, introduced livestock and even attempted to set up primitive industries—a work of colonial development, the ruins of which are still apparent throughout Mexico and the American Southwest. Partly because they were growing too powerful, partly because the King of Spain believed they were withholding his tenth of the wealth they accumulated, they were expelled and the organization they had created fell into decay. At the time of Juan's journey the missions were generally in ruins and the Indians were dying off—conditions which meant the end of Spanish rule in America and violent repercussions in European politics. Enough of this is given to explain the significance of Don Firman's trip, but the history is so fascinating that a good deal more of it could be included.

This does not even suggest the humor of the book. "When a store is less than a hundred miles away," Juan observes, "it is impossible to restrain women, who by perpetual weeping obtain that which is unnecessary." Or again: "Men said that in moments of excitement the Admiral's love-pats had crippled many a woman; but they still flocked after him. A woman's life is so eventless that she loves to think of danger, though she can only shriek when it comes."

"Force, guile and justice rule the world, in the order named." Comments like these enliven almost every page of the book, occasionally rising to a sort of fireworks brilliance when Juan's imagination is quickened by the thought of women, mules, prudence or government. Nor does this brief characterization permit an adequate account of the shrewd legends of saints with which the story is enriched, or an adequate account of Juan's catalogue of the necessary knowledge, of both human nature and the ways of the desert, that a man must possess if he wishes to live to be a hundred years old. Here is a book that makes a little known area of the past seem as real and concrete as the contemporary world, and one which, though dealing with a traditionally romantic theme and filled with traditional romantic flourishes, throws a brilliant light on the actual workings of Spanish colonial expansion and control. To those familiar with the region and history it describes, "The Journey of the Flame" will give the pleasure of recognition, for others it will serve as a superb introduction.

Books and Reviews

THE FIRST VOLUME of the "War Memoirs of David Lloyd George" (Little Brown) is in the tradition of alternate invective and apology that

(*Continued on page* 63)

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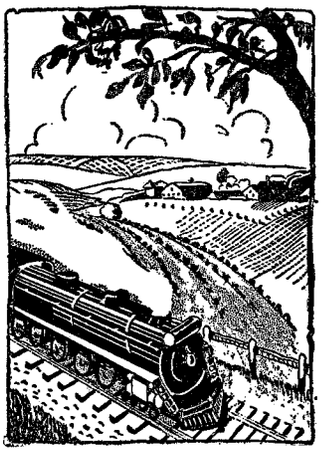
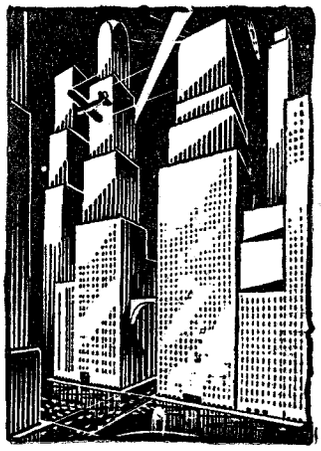


Talk of the Nation



Scientific Expedition

THIS IS A TALE without an ending. It is about two enterprising young men, whom we shall call Captain X and Colonel Y. The captain and the colonel, neither of whom ever had fought in any of the wars that we know anything about, were suffering from a triple attack of wanderlust, ambition and "a desire to do something for science." They had frittered about the world a bit, knew a tadpole from a blowfish and that a whale is a mammal. They may even have thought that they were scientists.

At any rate, they conceived the idea of conducting an expedition to the interior of Africa, where they planned to bag a few elephants, capture a gorilla or two, collect strange fish that are supposed to flourish in the rivers of the Dark Continent, take a few hundred reels of motion pictures and bring back various unknown species of reptiles and plants now unclassified—all in all, a double-decker order. This, we suppose, was for the purpose of bringing the collections of the American Museum of Natural History, the Smithsonian Institution, the Field Museum and a few other scientific societies up to date. Incidentally, it would have taken half the staff of the American Museum of Natural History to have done scientifically even a small part of the things these two enterprising gentlemen had in mind.

The captain and the colonel started promoting the expedition with the zeal and vigor of a team of 1929 securities salesmen. They went from one scientific institution to another, offering them the specimens (to be) obtained on the expedition. The institutions, as is their custom, were polite to the young men and agreed to look over the specimens, when, and if, they should be presented, with the stipulation that they would accept free of charge only what they thought worthwhile. Naturally, none of them endorsed the expedition, which then was in the swaddling stage.

However, the captain and the colonel had a letter head printed listing these institutions. With this letter as their skeleton key, they started the rounds of the business world. It worked like a double-endowed charm. They were given quarters and office room in one of the best hotels. The newspapermen were called in, and some of the papers printed stories about the proposed expedition and, in some instances, pictures of Captain X and Colonel Y were used.

Various manufacturers rose to the bait quickly. They donated outboard motors, elephant rifles, various kinds of cameras, revolvers, ammunition, elaborate scientific apparatus, tents, clothing, etc. Everything then was complete except the finding of the philanthropist, any philanthropist, who would advance a few thousand in cash for science and the peace of mind of Captain X and Colonel Y. That was a snag they never got over.

The captain and the colonel held a council; in fact, many of them. They were committed to make the trip, since they had accepted donations of enough equipment to fill a miniature warehouse, and they had done this with the stipulation that the expedition was set to go. They were not quite certain about the law pertaining to the matter, but they did know that it would be very inconvenient for them to back out flat.

The upshot was that the captain and the colonel drew straws to see who would take all of their cash—enough to buy a one way ticket to Africa (second class) and a few dollars over for peanuts and such—and at least make a show of carrying out the expedition. Colonel Y won, so Captain X sailed, with no fanfare but with enough shooting irons, butterfly nets, cameras and whatnots to outfit a caravan of scientists.

The friends of Captain X now are puzzling over the problem of how he is going to get out of Darkest Africa, and also what he will say when the ship news sharks get their fangs into him.

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A Sheriff and His Family

THE OLD SAW which holds that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good is good enough for Charley Neel, Sheriff of Harrison County, Ind. However, Sheriff Neel didn't see any fun in it when he walked head on into ten escaping felons at the Indiana state prison at Michigan City several weeks ago. He liked it even less when four of them—three bank robbers and a murderer—relieved him of his pearl-handled six-shooter, shoved him into his own car and took him on a three-day fugitive jaunt about northern Indiana.

After running the car into a ditch, they hid by day in the underbrush and stumbled about blindly across the countryside at night, evading posses and National Guardsmen. The Sheriff was becoming something of a momentary national character when he was released at Hobart, Ind., hungry, footweary and in need of tar soap and a scrub brush with tough bristles.

One of the first messages he received congratulating him on his escape was from Cass Neel, of Memphis, Tenn. Sheriff Neel scratched his head, pondered a bit and said: "Sure, that must be my brother Cass. I haven't heard tell of him in thirty years."

Soon after the Sheriff had scraped the whiskers from his chin and let the natives know that the law of Harrison County still was in strong hands, he departed for Memphis. En route he picked up his sisters, Mrs. Kate Rush, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. O. G.

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Jones, of Nashville, Tenn. They arrived unannounced at Cass Neel's house, introduced themselves to their long lost brother, and a reunion soon was going full tilt—a happy party that never would have taken place if some desperate felons had not made a successful prison break.

●

More Ice

THE MECHANISM of American social life proceeds apace. Latest in the list of modern inevitables is the mechanical icebox, for example. No citizen with any pretensions to solidity wants to be without one—especially if he is an apartment dweller and can persuade his landlord to buy one for him. The industry is young and growing, and somehow a patriotic flavor always attaches to buying new products. Especially in a depression—and when someone else does the required spending it becomes a positive duty.

Well, landlords have softened considerably since the Great Breakdown began slicing away their rentals. They are more than anxious to please. One landlord in this season's great hegira proved particularly amenable to his tenant's demand for the newest in refrigerators. Not only would he put one in immediately, but he offered to let the tenant go to the refrigerator agency and choose his own make.

The tenant, with his wife, thanked him and departed. It was almost as though they would own the refrigerator themselves. They shopped around quite a bit. They read literature and discussed technical points with the salesman. They learned a great many facts and quasi-facts about iceboxes that that had never dreamed of before. The husband endeavored, as all men feel they must do, to show a detailed mechanical grasp of the subject. Finally they got to the point of making a decision. The salesman prepared the contract and promised delivery in a day or two.

As they turned to the door one last question occurred to the customer, a troubling question he had long worried about but not until the last moment had the courage to propound. Somehow it seemed unfair after all the detailed exposition that had been freely given him. But . . . how he could be sure to have enough ice for a gathering of more than three or four people? Thirty-six icecubes, at the rate of three or more to the glass, have a way of not going very far. And if he served a cocktail before dinner the allowance was even slimmer.

The salesman was equal to the occasion. And not by what would seem the commonsense suggestion of a cake of ice in the bathtub for a party either. After all, that would hardly look well after his strong remarks on the old-fashioned refrigerators. No, he solved the difficulty with a telephone number. Any time the customer was thinking of a party, all he had to do was call the company, tell them about it and forget his worries about ice. In ten minutes a messenger would arrive with a leakproof box of one hundred cubes, absolutely free of charge. There was a night 'phone for after-hours service. Cheerfully and gladly given. No charge. The customer went out, a little chastened, but determined to give a party immediately.

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Sign of the Times

THE TATTERED BANNER of the Wobblies, black and scarlet with an ebony globe striped with gold, again is being unfurled by some of those fiery, turbulent men who followed the late "Big Bill" Haywood until he went to Leavenworth for his activities during the war. This shabby crew of zealots are reorganizing openly, attempting again to build up a fierce and active minority party.

Recently the I. W. W. leaders came together for the first time in sixteen years and held a conference in New York City. Among them were such old timers as Jack Walsh, Herbert Mahler, Ben Fletcher and Peo Monoldi, all of whom were frequently in the headlines from 1905 until 1918 because of their bold and radical deeds. Other times, other slogans:

"Down with the NRA! Down with American Fascism!" is their 1933 battle cry.

It was the World War that crushed this militant party, which is radically against the government, the American Federation of Labor, the Socialists, the Communists, capitalists, Mutt and Jeff and Mickey Mouse. They now believe that a war of a different kind, against the Depression, will give their system of social uplift by destruction a higher place in the sun. Oddly enough, the I. W. W. bigwigs quote the National Industrial Recovery Act in defending their present activities.

"It's under section seven of the Recovery Act that we have started this

O. G. Villard
H. A. Overstreet
Joseph McGoldrick
Carleton Beals
A. Fenner Brockway
L. M. Hacker
Frank Tannenbaum
A. David Gould
C. Hartley Grattan
Harvey O'Connor
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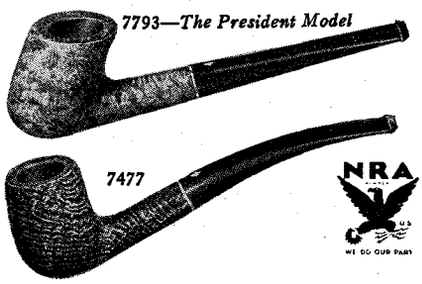

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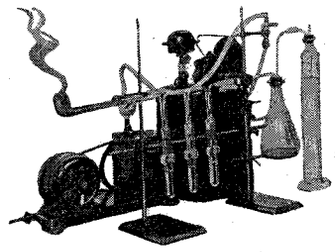

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renaissance," Fletcher explains. "It gives the workers the right to organize and the right of collective bargaining. It legitimizes the I. W. W. activities."

●

Children at Work

NINETEEN YEARS AGO a group of benevolent ladies began to take an interest in New York's actor children. They found conditions quite bad. Stage work has always been exacting, long and irregular hours alternating with periods of idleness. The backstage atmosphere (in spite of romance) is not always the pleasantest, or the most wholesome for children. They found young actors missing many of the compensating features open to other children. And so, without inquiry into the ethics of employing them on the stage, or the moral problems of the theatre as a place for tender minds, the ladies set themselves to supplying some of the advantages they found the child actor lacking.

As a first step they founded the Rehearsal Club, designed to be a *"home"* for theatrical girls. Recreation and social contacts were offered. A restaurant was provided for simple meals. An attempt was made to fill the blanks in the child actor's social and personal life—and from the start the response of the children made it a success. The benevolent ladies felt they were rewarded for their efforts.

But their greatest and most startling discovery came some time later. Questioning the children, they found that almost none of them were being educated. Some could not even read. Irregular hours and seasons of work made it impossible for them to go to school. Road tours took many of them on long journeys across the continent that made school attendance out of the question. The founders were shocked, as well they might be. America has always boasted about its care and thoroughness in education, but here was a sizable group of children receiving almost none.

The founders set themselves to remedy the situation. They organized elementary classes in the Club. The children were glad to learn, and within a few months it was decided to hire a regular teacher. The project grew slowly, since the Club neither advertised, nor made any planned attempt to secure funds. But by 1927 a regular school had become an obvious need, a school with its own quarters, formal equipment and an enlarged and professional faculty of teachers. A charter was secured from the regents of New York State. Money was forthcoming for new space and a guarantee of salaries to the teachers. It was named the Professional Children's School. Coöperation with school attendance laws was secured and the first official inspection, in 1927, started the school on its new career with official approval and even praise.

Since that time the school has grown from its first elementary limits to a complete primary and secondary educational center, offering courses from first grade to fourth year high school. With neither advertising nor public appeal the word was circulated in theatrical circles that this was the place for professional children, and now some two hundred attend. Only professional children are taken, but this limit includes every sort of work in entertainment. The school has circus riders, stage actors, radio singers, movie actors, chorus girls, jugglers, photographers' models, every kind of child that can be considered to work in the public eye. The only profession that it lacks is the child evangelist, but they are scarce on this side of the continent anyway.

The school has had, in its time, a fair sprinkling of the big shots in the child actor field. Most of these, of course, are in Hollywood, where they hire their own tutors, but some have been in New York and attended the school. A nine year old radio singer, famous for a voice resembling Al Jolson's, is at present attending grade four. Her weekly salary is high in the hundreds. A young movie star is bracketed in the thousand a week class, which would bring her, for a full year's work, considerably more than the total annual budget of the school. Most of the children, however, make much less fantastic sums. The average earnings probably do not exceed forty or fifty dollars per week.

Familiar infant faces dot the school, faces that appear in magazines and newspapers, advertising children's clothes, milk, talcum powder, foods and the like. Almost any daily paper will yield a photograph of some Professional School student.

Contrary to an ancient impression, the stage children are normal and healthy specimens. They are neither exceptionally precocious nor exceptionally backward in their schoolwork. For the most part they like their school and do their lessons—knowing that if

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they are dropped they will have to go to public school, which involves giving up their theatrical work. The atmosphere of the classrooms is like that of any other progressive school. The children work, play, make friends and enemies, behave generally like other children. Stage airs and manners are left aside—any sort of affectation would be quickly crushed by their comrades, who know a stage air when they see one.

The children are at their best when putting on a school show. Everyone who has been to the typical graduation exercises of a standard school knows how ghastly they can be—the performance is dull, the children are awkward and only the fondest parent derives any pleasure from seeing them. Not so at the Professional Children's School. Graduation calls out everyone's talents, and since there are talents to be called out, the results are good. And the children do the whole work themselves, with the minimum of help from teacher. After all, they know more about it. The same assurance carries them through school. Professional training has given them poise, balance and a complete lack of self-consciousness. Even the poorest scholar gives an eloquent and smooth recitation of the lesson he does not know.

All the children work, when jobs are available. Some of them have been making public appearances almost since birth. One proud mamma, asked about her recent twins, replied proudly, "They're fine—been working since they were three months old."

●

Child in the Pulpit

MARY LOUISE PAIGE, a shy and pretty girl of fifteen, who got "the call" seven years ago at her home in Uhrichsville, Ohio, now is a seasoned gospel trouper, an evangelist of the old school whose appeal for the sinners to hit the sawdust trail has been heard in thirteen states. Recently she launched an old-fashioned revival campaign in Jamaica, L. I., spicing it with a denunciation of Aimee Semple McPherson, who, by the way, had appeared a short time previously on the stage of a Broadway theater and had been no great box office attraction.

Mary Louise preaches the simple gospel of the New Testament, leaving the solution of economic problems, disarmament and political issues to the learned ministers of the cities. She doesn't even plan what she is going to talk about. Her mother, Mrs. David Paige, says she "just stands up in the pulpit before her flock and then she goes right ahead." She is of the Pentecostal faith, but sometimes she preaches in churches of other denominations.

As a small child Mary Louise read the Bible and prayed while other children her age were playing hide-and-seek, jacks and hop scotch. A short time after she received "the call," a preacher in Uhrichsville asked her to speak to his congregation. She did it, having to stand on a chair to see over the pulpit rail, and it went over big. Soon thereafter Mary Louise and her mother started on a revival tour and they have been on it ever since. Her father, a kiln worker, joins them when he can get away from his job.

Mary Louise, who has long, brown curls and rather sad, blue eyes, says that all big cities are hot-beds of sin; the modern girl is sinful; no lady would ever smoke a cigarette, and that liquor should never pass a woman's lips. She shuns cosmetics and says she doesn't have time to think about boys.

●

Strange Bird

BECAUSE THERE WASN'T AN ORNITHOLOGIST on board, some of the 653 passengers who crossed the Atlantic recently on the *Aquitania* have been doing no end of arguing about the large bird which rested on the masthead for a day. The liner was en route to New York and hundreds of miles at sea when the bird, which appeared blue against a cloudless sky, circled the ship and took up its post high above "A" deck.

The word went around that a Blue Eagle, the symbol of the NRA, had come to greet the returning voyagers. The scoffers said it was only a black hawk, but neither classification cut any ice with the bird, for it remained unruffled on the masthead for hours despite the screeches of whistles, offers of food and the clicking of kodaks and small movie cameras. Captain R. B. Irving said later that "It might have been a hawk, but it certainly looked like a Blue Eagle to me." One thing is certain. The question never will be settled because the bird left its perch about dusk and soon disappeared in the direction of the New Jersey coast.

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Occupations

(*Continued from page* 4)

Many of the museums are consequently deeply concerned for their future. Certainly these institutions deserve to be properly evaluated and maintained during the adjustment of city budgets.

Despite the economies and reduced appropriations to many museums, a number of new museums have been opened and others are in the process of being established. Inspired by the Deutsches Museum in Munich and endowed by the late Julius Rosenwald, The Museum of Science and Industry opened its doors July 1, 1933, in Chicago. Farther West, in Seattle, Washington, on the same date, The Seattle Art Museum was opened, the gift to the city of Mrs. Eugene Fuller and her son, Richard E. Fuller, President of the Art Institute of Seattle. In the South, in Williamsburg, Va., an historical museum was opened on April 1, 1933, through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In New England two new art museum buildings have opened during the year, one in Worcester, Mass., and the other in Springfield, Mass. Other museums are being created or expanded. Henry Ford is creating a museum and a school called the Edison Institute of Technology where every kind of article which the American people have ever used will be assembled.

An inspired and inspiring thinker and worker in the museum field, the late John Cotton Dana, who created the Newark Museum of Art, Science, and Industry, wrote in a little book called the *"Plan for A Useful Museum,"* in which he said, "A museum is good only insofar as it is of use."

People need museums today and the museums need the active interest and support of people. Much is written and spoken today about adult education, about recreation and the use of leisure. What better institution can be found in our modern social structure as a means and source of recreation and education than the museum? Aren't we neglecting a resource already established in our communities for esthetic and practical education if we do not use it for this purpose?

Occupational opportunities in museum work depend obviously upon the financial resources of the museums, the development of their program of activities and the growth of the museum idea. Today opportunities are few and far between for curatorial

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work. For curatorial work the museums rely on specialists, those trained in a branch of work in the field in which the museum specializes. As museums have come to realize that they must adapt themselves to the needs of the community, the very management of museums is becoming more and more a science. And courses have been organized to furnish this extra training in museum problems. The Newark Museum in Newark, N. J., now under the direction of Miss Beatrice Winser, gives an apprentice course in which most of the training given is practice in museum work. Harvard University gives a course entitled "Museum Work and Museum Problems" under the direction of Professor Paul J. Sachs. The Buffalo Museum of Science in Buffalo, N. Y., is also giving a museum training course.

The development and maintenance of the museums that have proved useful to the members of their community should not be neglected any more than the maintenance and development of the public libraries and the public schools. They can in a large measure contribute to our understanding of the present and its multifarious activities.

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Books

(*Continued from page* 55)

seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the writing of statesmen and generals. When statesmen and generals come to write their reminiscences they are always willing to argue; the trouble is they always try to limit the arguments to the battles they have won. Lloyd George is no exception. The first volume of his memoirs covers only 1914-1915 and is principally concerned with the political background of the War and with what he calls the "fight for munitions." Though they are rhetorical rather than explicit, these chapters are of great interest; Lloyd George's position was such that almost anything he has to say on his conduct and that of his colleagues becomes important, even his smoothest professional-politician generalizations. If he seems to see world events too much in terms of cabinet meetings, the meetings at least are vivid. As John Chamberlain has suggested, Lloyd George seems determined to prove first that if he had had power there would have been no War, and second that if he had had power he would have won it more quickly.

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leading up to the War, less detailed, but also written with fewer platitudes, read "Karl and the Twentieth Century," by Rudolph Brunngraber (Morrow). It is a novel, but one which deals with a typical victim of the war and the economic crisis, written with passages of straight history alternating with descriptions of Karl's individual reactions to the world events in which he is involved. And for a clearer picture of Lloyd George's personality and policies, read "Peacemaking," by Harold Nicholson (Houghton Mifflin), an inside account of the Peace Conference by a junior member of the British Peace Commission.

Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth" (Macmillan) deals with still another aspect of the War—the emotional consequences to a girl whose brother and lover were killed and who served as a nurse at a time when her experiences had scarcely prepared her for more than the sheltered life of college. It is an autobiography, long and often moving, with the personal tragedy dignified because it seems to typify that of an entire generation. Another war book—they cannot be disregarded in this period when the War so thoroughly dominates all intellectual life—is "What Will Be the character of the Next War?" (Smith and Haas) a frightening and fascinating symposium by generals, scientists, military men generally, telling us what we can expect in the way of violent death by gas, bacteriological warfare and other refinements of horror.

Moving reluctantly to less troubling works, Pearl Bucks's translation of a Chinese classic, "All Men Are Brothers," by Shui Hu Chuan (John Day) has been reviewed more cautiously than almost any work of recent years, few reviewers being well enough informed in Chinese literature to attempt a precise critical evaluation—a task also made difficult by the fact that the book is more than twelve hundred pages long. "All Men Are Brothers," it seems, must wait until the rush of fall books subsides before it receives the careful attention it no doubt deserves. Having persisted for several centuries already, it ought to be able to weather a little more neglect. Meanwhile it is a beautifully bound and and printed two-volume work. "America in Search of Culture," by William Aylott Orton (Little Brown) is an Englishman's friendly analysis of American life.

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(Signed) FRANK A. TICHENOR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1933.

(Signed) Anna Higgins,
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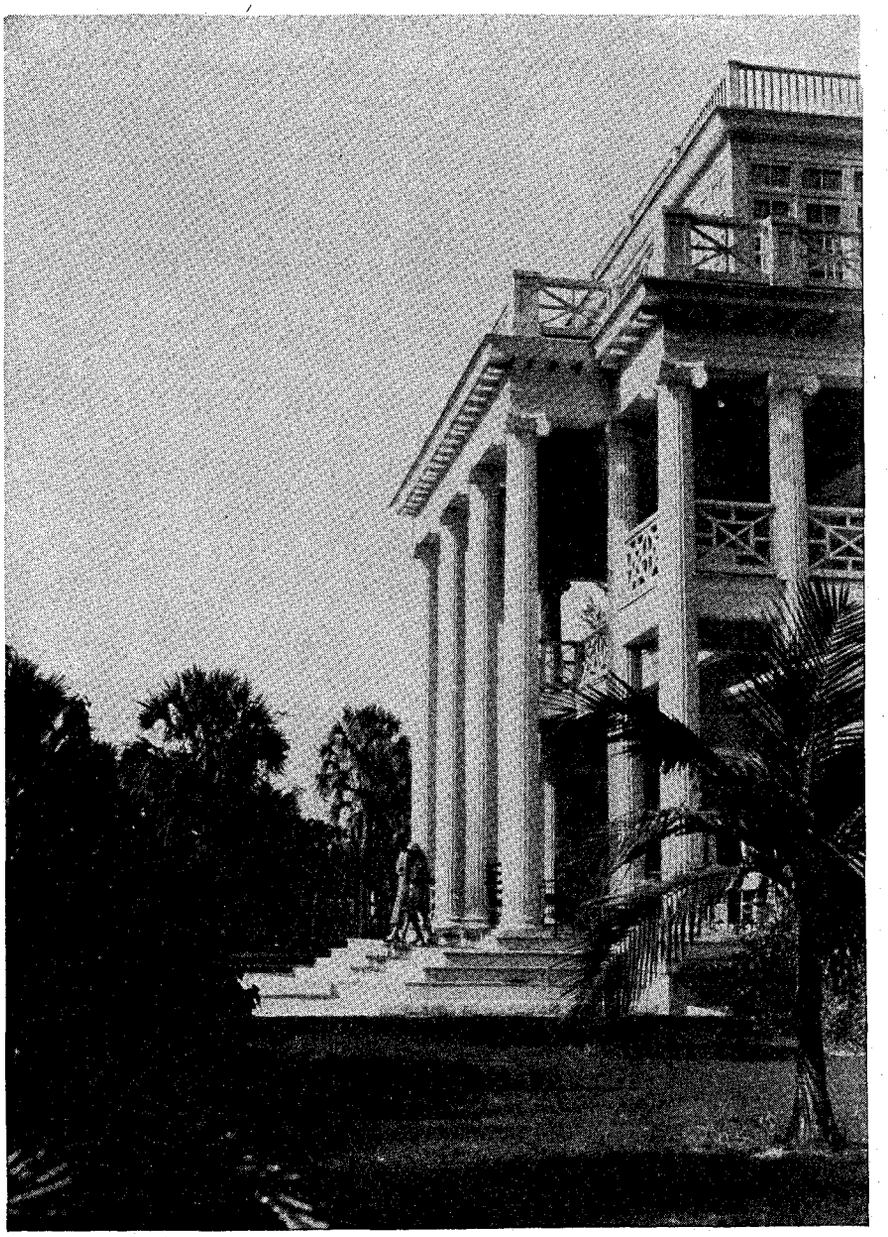

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